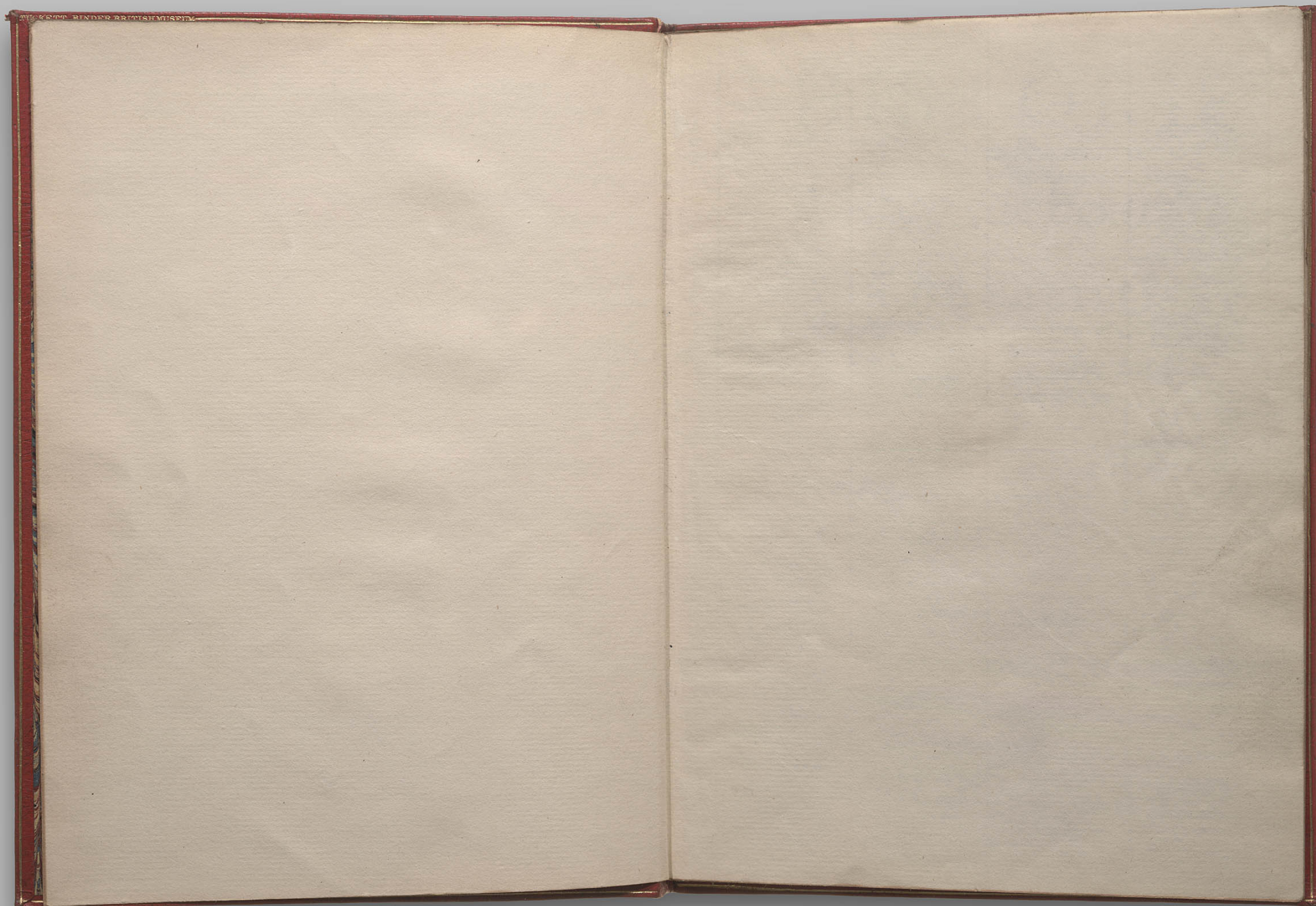




WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22287) LONDON, 1639 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.11) Octavo



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THE HISTORIE

OF

Henry the Fourth:

VVITH THE BATTELL AT
Shrewsbury, betweene the King,
and Lord *Henry Percy*, surnamed
Henry Hotspur of the
North.

With the humorous conceits of Sir
IOHN FALSTAFFE.

Newly corrected,
By
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON.

Printed by JOHN NORTON, and to be sold by
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THE
HISTORY OF HENRY
the Fourth.

Enter the King, Lord John of Lancaster, Earle
of Westmerland, with others

King.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Finde we a time for flighted peace to pant,
And breath short-winded accents of new broyles,
To be commenc't in stronds a farre remote:
No more the thirsty entrance of this soyle,
Shall dawbe his lips with her own childrens blood;
No more shall trenching Warre chanell her fields,
Nor bruise her flowers with the armed hootes
Of hostile pases: those opposed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled heaven,
All one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meete in the intestine shooke,
And furious close of civill butchery,
Shall now in naturall wel-beseeming rankes,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies.
The edge of Warre, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his Master: therefore friends,
As farre as to the Sepulchre of Christ,
Whose Souldiers now, under whose blessed Crosse
We are impress'd and engag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of *English* shall we levie,
Whose armes were moulded in their mothers wombs,
To chase these *Pagans* in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walkt those blessed seete,

A 2

Which

The History

Which 1400. yeares agoe were nail'd,
For our advantage on the bitter Crosse:
But this our purpose is but twelue months old,
And bootlesse 'tis to tell you, we will goe.
Therefore we meete not now: then let me heare
Of you my gentle Cosin *Westmerland*,
What yester night our Counsell did decree,
In forwarding his deare expedience.

West. My Liege, this haste was hor in question,
And many limits of the charge set downe;
But yesternight, when all athwart, there came
A Post from *Wales*, loaden with heavy newes;
Whose worst was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of *Herfordshire*, to fight
Against the irregular and wild *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
A thousand of his people butcherd:
Upon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
Such beastly shamelesse transformation
By those Welsh-women done, as may not be
Without much shame, retold or spoken of.

King. It seemes then, that the tydings of this broyle
Brake off our businesse for the Holy-land.

West. This match with other like, my Gracious Lord;
Far more uneven and unwelcome newes,
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotspur* there
Yong *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archibald*,
That very valiant and approved *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody houre:

As by discharge of their Artillery,
And shape of likelihood newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take Horse,
Uncertane of the issue any way.

King. Here is a deare, and true industrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horse,

Stain'd

Henry the Fourth.

Stain'd with the variations of each foyle,
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this seate of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome newes,
The Earle of *Dowglas* is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold *Scots*, two and twenty Knights
Balkt in their own blood, did sir *Walter* see
On *Holmedon* plaine: of prisoners *Hotspur* tooke
Mordake Earle of *Fife*, and eldest soone
To beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earle of *Acholl*,
Of *Murrey*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*:
And is not this an honorable spoyle?
A gallant prize? Ha, Cosin, is it not? In fayth it is.

West. A conquest for a Prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin
In envy, that my Lord *Northumberland*
Should be the Father of so blest a Sonne,
A Sonne, who is the Theame of honors tongue,
Amongst a Grove, the very straightest Plant,
Who is sweete Fortunes Minion, and her pride;
Whil'st I by looking on the prayse of him,
See Ryot and dishonour staine the brow
Of my yong *Harry*, O that it could be prov'd
That some night-tripping Fairy had exchang'd
In cradle cloathes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine *Percy*, his Plantaginet!

Then would I have his *Harry*, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you, Cuz,
Of this yong *Percies* pride? The Prisoners
Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,
To his own use he keepes, and sends me word,
I shall have none but *Mordake* Earle of *Fife*.

West. This is his Unkles teaching, this is *Worcester*,
Malevolent to you in all aspects:
Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

King. But I have sent for him to answer this:
And for this cause a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to *Ierusalem*.

A 3

Cosin,

The History of

Cozen, on Wednesday next, our Councell we will hold
At *Windſor*, ſo informe the Lords:
But come your ſelfe with ſpeed to us againe,
For more is to be ſayd, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be uttered.
Weſt. I will, my Liege.

Enter Prince of Wales, and ſir Iohn Falſtaffe.

Fal. Now *Hall*, what time of day is it, Lad?

Prin. Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke, and unbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping upon Benches after noone, that thou haſt forgotten to demand that truly, which thou wouldeſt truly know. What a devill haſt thou to doe with the time of the day? Unleſſe houres were cups of Sacke, and minuts Capons, and Clocks the tongues of Bawds, and Dials the ſignes of leaping-Houſes, and the bleſſed Sunne himſelfe a faire hot wench in flame-coloured Taffata; I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhouldeſt be ſuperfluous to demand the time of the day.

Falſ. Indeed you come neere me now, *Hall*, for we that take Purſes, goe by the Moon and ſeven Starres, and not by *Phœbus*, he that wandring Knight ſo faire: and I prethee, ſweet wagge, when thou art King, as God ſave thy Grace; Maieſty I ſhould ſay, for Grace thou wilt have none.

Prin. What, none?

Falſ. No by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerve to be prologue to an Egge and Butter.

Prin. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Falſ. Marry then, ſweet wag, when thou art King, let not us that are Squires of the nights body, be called Theeves of the dayes beauty: let us be *Diana's* Forreſters, Gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the Moone; and let men ſay, we be men of good government, being governed as the Sea is, by our noble and chaſte Miſtris the Moone; under whoſe countenance we ſteale.

Prince. Thou ſayſt well, and it holds well too, for the fortune of us that are the Moones men, doth ebbe, and flow like the Sea, being governed as the Sea is by the Moone; as for
proofe

Henry the Fourth.

proofe: Now a purſe of gold moſt reſolutely ſnatcht on Monday night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on Tuesday morning; got with ſwearing lay by, and ſpent with crying bring in: now in as low an ebbe as the foote of the Ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the Gallows.

Falſ. By the Lord thou ſayeſt true, Lad: and is not my Hoſteſſe of the Taverne a moſt ſweet wench?

Prince. As the hony of *Hibla*: my old Lad of the Caſtle: and is not a Buſſe Jerkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?

Falſ. How now, how now, mad wag, what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague have I to doe with a Buſſe Jerkin?

Prince. Why, what a pox have I to dee with my Hoſteſſe of the Taverne?

Falſ. Well, thou haſt cal'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Falſ. No, I'll give thee thy due, thou haſt payd all there.

Prince. Yea, and elſewhere, ſo far as my coyne would ſtretch, and where it would not, I have uſ'd my credit.

Falſ. Yea, and ſo uſed it, that were it not heere apparant that thou art Heire apparant. But I prethee ſweet wag, ſhall there be Gallows ſtanding in *England*, when thou art King? and reſolution thus ſnub'd as it is with the ruſty crub of old father antick the Law? doe not thou, when thou art King, hang a theefe.

Prin. No, thou ſhalt.

Falſ. Shall I? O rare by the Lord! I'll be a brave Judge.

Prin. Thou judgeſt falſe already. I meane thou ſhalt have the hanging of the Theeves, and ſo become a rare Hangman.

Falſ. Well, *Hall*, well, and in ſome ſort it jumpes with my humor, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

Prin. For obtaining of ſutes?

Falſ. Yea, for obtaining of ſutes, whereof the Hangman hath no leane Wardrop. Zblood I am as melancholy as a gyb-Cat, or a lugd-Bear.

Prin. Or an old Lion, or a lovers Lute.

Falſ. Yea, or the drone of a *Lincolnſhire* Bagpipe.

Prince. What ſayeſt thou to a Hare, or the melancholy of
Moore

The History of

Moore-ditch?

Fals. Thou hast the most unsavory smiles, and art indeede the most comparative rascallest sweet yong Prince. But *Hall*, I prethee trouble me no more with vanity, I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the counsell rated me the other day in the streete about you sir; but I mark't him not, and yet he talkt very wisely; but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wisely, in the streete too.

Prin. Thou didst well: for wisdome cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fals. O, thou hast damnable Iteration, and art indeede able to corrupt a Saint: thou hast done much harme unto me, *Hall* God forgive thee for it: Before I knew thee, *Hall*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man should speake truly, little better then one of the wicked: I must give over this life; and I will give it over. By the Lord and I doe not, I am a villaine: i'le be damned for never a Kings son in Christendome.

Prin. Where shall we take a purse to morrow, *Jacke*?

Fals. Zounds, where thou wilt, Lad, i'le make one: and I doe not, call me villaine, and baffell me.

Prin. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to Purse-taking.

Fals. Why, *Hall*; 'tis my vocation, *Hall*: 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

Enter Poyntes.

Poy. Now shall we know if Gads-hill have set a match: O, if a man were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent Villaine that ever cry'd, Stand to a true man.

Prin. Good morrow *Ned*.

Poy. Good morrow sweete *Hall*. What sayes *Monsieur Remorse*? What sayes sir *John Sacke* and *Sugar, Jacke*? How agrees the Divell and thee about thy soule; that thou soldst him on good Friday last, for a cup of Madera and a cold Capons legge?

Prin. Sir *John* stands to his word, the Divell shall have his bargain, for he was never a breaker of Proverbs: he will give the Divell his due.

B.1.

Henry the Fourth.

Poyntes. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devill.

Prince. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devill.

Poy. But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clock early at *Gads-hill*, there are pilgrimes going to *Cantebury* with rich offerings, and Traders riding to *London* with fatpurfes. I have vizards for you all; you have horses for your selves: *Gads-hill* lies to night in *Rocheſter*, I have bespoke supper to morrow night in *Eastcheap*; we may do it as secure as sleep: if you will go, I will stuffe your purfes full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fals. Hear ye, *Yedward*, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

Poy. You will, chops?

Fals. *Hall*, wilt thou make one?

Prin. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I by my faith.

Fals. Ther's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee; nor thou camest not of the blood-royall, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

Prin. Well, then once in my dayes Ile be a mad-cap.

Fals. Why; thats well said.

Prin. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

Fals. By the Lord Ile be a traitor then, when thou art King.

Prin. I care not.

Poyntes. Sir *John*, I prethee leave the Prince and me alone, I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go
+ *Fals.* Wel, God give thee the spirit of perswasion, & him the cares of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be beleev'd, that the Prince, may (for recreation sake) prove a fals thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance: farewell, you shall finde me in *Eastcheap*.

+ *Pri.* Farewell the latter spring, farewell *Alhallown* summer.

Poy. Now my good sweet hony Lord, ride with us to morrow. I have a jest to execute, that I cannot mannage alone. *Falstaffe*, *Harvey*, *Rossil*, and *Gads-hill*, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; your self and I will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

B

Prince

The History of

Prince. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Po. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail, & then will they venture upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner achieved, but weele set upon them.

Prin. Yea, but tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, & by every other appointment, to be our selves.

Po. Tut, our horses they shall not see, Ile tie them in the wood, our vizards we will change, after we leave them: and sirra, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to inmask our noted outward garments.

Prince. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Po. Well, for two of them I know to be as true bred cowards as ever turned back: and for the third, if he fight longer then he sees reason, Ile forswear arms. The vertue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper, how thirty at least he fought with, what wards, what blows, what extremities he indured, and in the reproof of these lies the jest.

Prin. Well, Ile go with thee, provide us all things necessary, and meet me to morrow night in Eastcheap, there Ile sup: farewell.

Poy. Farewell my Lord.

Exit Poynes.

Prin. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok't humour of your idlenesse:
Yet herein will I imitate the sunne,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world;
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the yeer were playing holy dayes,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldome come, they wisht for, come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents:
So when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,

By

Henry the Fourth.

By how much better then my word I am,
By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes,
And like bright metall on a sullen ground,
My reformation glittering o're my fault,
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Then that which hath no soyl to set it off.
Ile so offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

Exit.

*Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur,
Sir Walter Blunt, with others.*

King. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stirre at these indignities,
And you have found me; for accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be my self,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, then my condition
Which hath been smooth as oyl, soft as yong down,
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne're payes but to the proud.

Wor. Our house (my Sovereigne Liege) little deserves
The scourge of greatnesse to be used on it,
And that same greatnesse too, which our own hands
Have hope to make so portly.

Nor. My Lord.

King. Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
O sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servants brow,
You have good leave to leave us: when we need
Your use and counsell, we shall send for you.

Exit Wor.

Nor. Yea my good Lord.
Those prisoners in your highnesse name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmsdon took,
Were, as he sayes, not with such strength denide,
As he delivered to your Majesty.
Either envy therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my sonne.

B 2

For.

The History of

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no prisoners,
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was drie with rage and extreme toyl,
Breathlesse and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain Lord; neat and trimly drest,
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reapt,
Shewd like a stubble land at harvest home:
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And twixt his finger and his thumbe he held
A pouncet box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and tookt away again,
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuffe, and still he smilde and talkt,
And as the souldiers bore dead bodies by,
He cal'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome coarfe,
Betwixt the winde and his Nobility,
With many holy day, and Lady tearms.
He questioned me: among the rest demanded
My prisoners in your Majesties behalf.
I then all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pestered with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answered neglectingly, I know not what,
He should, or he should not, for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentle-woman,
Of guns and drums, and wounds, God save the mark;
And telling me the soveraign'st thing on earth,
Was parmacity for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villanous saltpeter should be dig'd
Out of the bowels of the harmlesse earth;
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly: and but for these vile gunnes,
He would have been himself a Souldier.
This bald unjoynted chat of his (my Lord)
I answered indirectly (as I said)

And

Henry the Fourth.

And I beseech you, let not this report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love, and your high Majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my Lord,
What ere *Harry Percy* then had said
To such a person, and in such a place:
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die, and never rise,
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

King. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother in law, the foolish *Mortimer*,
Who in my foul hath wilfully betraid
The lives of those, that he did lead to fight,
Against the great Magician, damned *Glendower*
Whose daughter as we hear, the Earl of *March*,
Hath lately married: shall our coffers then
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves,
No, on the barren mountain let him starve,
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost,
To ransom home revolted *Mortimer*.

Hot. Revolted *Mortimer*?
He never did fall off, my Sovereigne Liege,
But by the chance of warre: to prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue: for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle *Severns* siedy bank
In single opposition hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour,
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*,
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement off sweet *Severns* flood,
Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,

B 3

Ran

The History of

Ranne fearfully among the trembling reeds.
And hid his crispe-head in the hollow bank,
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds,
Nor never could the noble *Mortimer*,
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slandered with revolt.

King. Thou dost belite him, *Percy*, thou dost belie him,
He never did encounter with *Glendower*,
I tell thee, he durst as well have met the devill alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.

Art thou not a sham'd? but sirra, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of *Mortimer*,
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kinde from me,
As will displease you. My Lord *Northumberland*,
We licence your departure with your sonne:
Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it. *Exit King*.

Hot. And if the devill come and roar for them,
I will not send them: I will after straight
And tell him so, for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

Nor. What? drunk with choler? stay and pause a while,
Here comes your Uncle.

Hot. Speak of *Mortimer*?
Wounds I will speak of him, and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not joyn with him:
Yea on his part, Ile empty all those veins,
And shed my dear blood, drop by drop, i'th dust,
But I will lift the down-trod *Mortimer*,
As high i'th ayre as this unthankfull King,
As this ingrate and cancred *Bullingbrook*.

Nor. Brother, the King hath made your nephew mad.

Wor. Who strook this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will forsooth have all my prisoners,
And when I urg'd the ranfome once againe
Of my wives brother, then his check lookt pale,

And

Henry the Fourth.

And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of *Mortimer*,

Wor. I cannot blame him, was not he proclaim'd
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?

Nor. He was; I heard the Proclamation,
And then it was, when the unhappy King,
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon) did set forth
Upon his *Irish* expedition;

From whence, he intercepted, did return
To be depos'd and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth,
Live scandaliz'd and foully spoken of.

Hot. But soft, I pray you, did King *Richard* then
Proclaim my brother *Mortimer*
Heir to the Crown?

Nor. He did, my self did hear it.

Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his cousin King,
That wish't him on the barren mountains starve.

But shall it be, that you that set the crown

Upon the head of this forgetfull man,

And for his sake wear the detested blot

Of murtherous subornation? shall it be

That you a world of curses undergo,

Being the agents, or base second means,

The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?

O pardon, if that I descend so low,

To shew the line and the predicament,

Wherein you range under this subtle King.

Shall it for shame be spoken in these dayes,

Or fill up Chronicles in time to come,

That men of your Nobility and power,

Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,

(As both of you, God pardon it, have done)

To put down *Richard* that sweet lovely Rose,

And plant this thorn, this canker *Bullingbrook*?

And shall it in more shame be further spoken,

That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off

By him, from whom these shames ye under-went?

No;

The History of

No, yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banisht honors, and restore your selves,
Into the good thoughts of the world again:
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who studies day and night,
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:
Therefore I say.

Wor. Peace cousin, say no more.
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick conceiving discontents
Ile read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of perill and advenurous spirit,
As to o're-walk a currant roaring lowd
On the unsteadfull footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or sink or swim,
Send danger from the East unto the west,
So honor crosse it from the North to South,
And let them grapple: the blood more stirres
To rowze a lyon, then to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit,
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, me thinks it were an easie leap,
To pluck bright honor from the pale fac'd moon,
Or dive into the bottome of the deep,
Where fadome-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honor by the locks,
So he that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without corrivall, all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac't fellowship.

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here;
But not the form of what he should attend;
Good cousin give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble *Scots* that are your prisoners.

Hot. Ile keep them all.
By God he shall not have a *Scot* of them,
No, if a *Scot* would save his soul, he shall not.

Henry the Fourth.

Ile keep them by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no eare unto my purposes:
Those prisoners you shall keep,

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He said he would not ransom *Mortimer*,
Forbad my tongue to speak of *Mortimer*:
But I will finde him when he lies asleep.
And in his eare Ile hallow *Mortimer*:
Nay, Ile have a Starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Heare you, cousin, a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly desie,
Save how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrook*,
And that same sword and buckler Prince of *Wales*.
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance:
I would have him poysoned with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell kinsman, Ile talk to you,
When you are better tempered to attend.

Nor. Why what a wasp-tongue and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this womans-mood,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine own?

Hot. Why look you I am whipt and scourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile polititian *Bullingbrook*:

In *Richards* time, what do you call the place;

A plague upon it, it is in *Glostershire*;

'Twas where the mad-cap Duke his unkle kept,

His unkle *Torke*, where I first bowed my knee

Unto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrook*:

Zblood, when you and he came back from *Ravensburg*.

Nor. At *Barkley* castle.

Hot. You say true.

Why what a candy deal of courtesie,

This fawning gray-hound then did proffer me,

Look when his infant fortune came to age

And gentle *Harry Piercy*, and kinde cousin:

C

O, the

Ile

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O, the Divell take such cozeners, God forgive me,
Good Unkle tell your tale, I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to it againe,
We will stay your leisure.

Hor. I have done yfaith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ranfome straight,
And make the *Dowglas* sonne your onely meane
For powers in *Scotland*, which for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,
Will easily be granted you: my Lord,
Your sonne in *Scotland* being thus employed
Shall secretly into the bosome creep
Of that same noble Prelate well-belov'd,
The Archbishop.

Hor. Of *Yorke*, is it not?

Wor. True, who beares hard
His brothers death at *Bristow*, the Lord *Scrope*:
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and set down,
And onely staves but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hor. I smell it: upon my life it will do well.

Nor. Before the game's afoot, thou still let'st slip.

Hor. Why, it cannot chuse but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland*, and of *Yorke*,
To joyne with *Mortimer*, ha.

Wor. And so they shall.

Hor. In faith it is exceedingly well ayde.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads, by raising of a head:
For, bear our selves as even as we can,
The King will alwayes think him in our debt,
And think we think our selves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how it doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hor.

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Hor. He does: he does; wee be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further go in this,
Then I by letters shall direct your course
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly:
Ile steal to *Glendower*, and to *Mortimer*,
Where you and *Dowglas*, and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong rames,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

Nor. Farewell, good brother, we shall thrive I trust.

Hor. Unkle, adieu: O let the houres be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groves, applaud our sport. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho, an it be not four by the day, Ile be hang'd,
Charles-maine is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not
packt. What *Ostler*?

Ost. Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I prethee *Tom*, beat Cuts saddle, put a few flocks in
the point, poore jade is wrung in the withers out of all cesse.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Pease and beans are as danke here as a dog, and that
is the next way to give poore jades the Bots: this house is tur-
ned upside down since *Robin Ostler* died.

1 *Car.* Poore fellow never joyed since the price of Oates
rose, it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think this to be the most villanous house in all
London road for fleas, I am stung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a Tench? by the Masse there is ne're a King
christen could be better bit, then I have bin since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, you will allow us ne're a jordan, and then we
leake in your chimney, and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like
a Loach.

1 *Car.* What *Ostler*, come a way, and be hang'd, come a way.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of Bacon, and two rafes of ginger,
to be delivered as farre as *Charing-crosse*.

1 *Car.* Gods body, the Turkies in my panier are quite star-
ved: what *Ostler*? a plague on thee, hast thou never an eye in
thy head? canst not hear? and 'twere not as good a deed as
drink,

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The History of

drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain; come and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads-hill. Good morrow *Carriers*; What's a clock?

Car. I think it be two a clock.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1. *Car.* Nay by God, soft; I know a trick worth two of that faith.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2. *Car.* I, when? canst tell? Lend me thy lantern (quoth he,) Marry Ile see thee hanged first.

Gad. Sirra *Carrier*, What time do you mean to come to London?

2. *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee; Come neighbour *Muges*, weele call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge.

Enter Chamberlain.

Exeunt.

Gad. What ho, *Chamberlain*?

Cham. At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gad. That's even as fair, as at hand, qd. the *Chamberlain*, for thou variest no more from picking of purses, then giving direction doth from labouring; thou layest the plot how!

Cham. Good morrow master *Gads-hill*, it holds currant that I told you yesternight, there's a *Franklin* in the wilde of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what they are up already, and call for egges and butter: they will away presently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet not with *S. Nicholas Clarke*, Ple give thee this neck.

Cham. No, Ile none of it; I prethee keep that for the Hang-man, for I know thou worshippest *S. Nicholas*, as truly as a man of falshood may.

Gad. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, Ile make a fat paire of gallows: for if I hang, old fir *John* hangs with me, and thou knowst he is no starveling: tut, there are other

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other Trojans that thou dream'st not of, the which for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace, that would (if matters should be lookt into) for their credit sake make all whole: I am joyned with no foot-land rakers, no long-staffe sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hiewd malt-worms, but with nobility and tranquillity, Burgomasters and great Oneyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner then speak, and speak sooner then drink, and drink sooner then pray; and yet (zounds) I lie, for they pray continually to their saint the common-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the common-wealth their Boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gad. She will, she will, Justice hath liquord her: we steal as in a castle, cocksure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night then to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gad. Give me thy hand, thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gad. Go to, *homo* is a common name to all men: bid the *Ostler* bring my gelding out of the stable; farewell ye muddy knave!

Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto, &c.

Poyn. Come shelter, shelter, I have removed *Falstafes* horse; and he frets like a gum'd velvet.

Princ. Stand close.

Enter Falstaf.

Fal. *Poynes*, *Poynes*, and be hang'd, *Poynes*!

Princ. Peace ye fat kidneyd rascall, what a brawling dost thou keep?

Fal. What *Poines*? *Hall*?

Princ. He is walkt up to the top of the hill, Ile go seek him,

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that theeves company, the rascall hath removed my horse, and tyed him I know not where, if I travell but 4. foot by the squire further afoot, I shall breake my winde: Well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue; I have forsworn his company hourly any time this 22. yeer, and yet I am bewicht

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wicht with the rogues company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, Ile be hang'd: it could not be else. I have drunk medicines: *Poynes*, *Hall*, a plague on you both. *Bardoll*, *Peto*, Ile starve ere Ile rob a foot further: and twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth: eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me: and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough; a plague upon it, when theeves cannot be true one to another.

They whistle.

Whew, a plague upon you all, give me my horse, you rogues, Give me my horse, and be hang'd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guts, lie down, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can hear the tread of Travellers.

Fals. Have you any leavers to lift me up again being down? *Z*loud, Ile not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coyne in thy Fathers Exchequer: what a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

Prin. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fals. I prethee good Prince *Hall*, help me to my horse, Good Kings sonne.

Prin. Out you rogue shall I be your ostler?

Fals. Go hang thy self in thine own heire apparant garters: if I betane, Ile peach for this: and I have not ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poyson: when jest is so forward, and afoot too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-Hill.

Gad. Stand. *Fal.* So I do against my will.

Poin. Otis our setter, I know his voice; *Bardol*, what news?

Bar. Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards, there's money of the Kings coming down the hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Fals. You lie, you rogue, tis going to the Kings Tavern.

Gad. There's enough to make us all.

Fals. To be hang'd.

Prin. You foure shall front them in the narrow lane.

Ned Poynes and I will walk lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto.

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Peto. But how many be they of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fals. Zounds, will they not rob us?

Prince. What, a coward, Sir *John Pannch*?

Fals. Indeed I am not *John* of *Gant* your Granfather, but yet no coward, *Hall*.

Prin. Well, wee leave that to the proof.

Poy. Sirra *Jack*, thy horse stands behind the hedge, when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him, fare well, and stand fast.

Fals. Now cannot I strike him if I should be hang'd

Prin. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poy. Here hard by: stand close.

Fals. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say, every man to his businesse.

Enter the Travellers.

Tra. Come, neighbour, the boy shall lead our horses down the hill, wee walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Theeves. Stay.

Tra. Jesus blesse us.

Fals. Strike, down with them, cut the villains throats: a horson caterpillers! Bacon-fed knaves, they hate us, youth, down with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Fals. Hang ye gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? no, ye fat chuffes, I would your store were here: on Bacons, on, what ye knaves? yong men must live, you are grand jurors, are ye? wee le jure you, yfaith.

Here they rob them and binde them. Enter the Prince, and Poynes.

Prince. The theeves have bound the true men: now, could thou and I rob the theeves, & go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a moneth, and a good jest for ever.

Poy. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Enter the theeves again.

Fals. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day: and the Prince and *Poynes* be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring, there's no valour in that *Poynes*, than in a wilde duck.

Prince

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Prin. Your money.
Payn. Villains.

As they are sharing, the Prince and Payn set upon them, they all run away, and Falstaffe after a blow or two, runnes away too, leaving the booty behinde them.

Pri. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse, the theeves are scattered, and posselt with fear so strongly, that they dare not meet each other, each take his fellow for an officer: away good Ned, Falstaffe sweats to death, and lards the lean earth as he walks along: wert not for laughing, I should pittie him.

Poy. How the rogue roar'd!

Enter Hotspur solus, reading a letter,

But for mine own part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.

He could be contented, why is he not then? in respect of the love he bears our house: he shews in this, he loves his own barn better then he loves our house. Let me see some more.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous.

Why that's certain, tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you (my lord fool) out of this nettle danger we pluckt this flower safety.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you named uncertain, the time it self unsorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.

Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hinde, and you lie: what a lack-brain is this? by the Lord our plot is a good plot as ever was laid, our friend true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation, an excellent plot, very good friends; what a frosty-spirited rogue is this? why my L. of Yorke commends the plot, and the generall course of the action. Zounds and I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his ladies fanne. Is there not my father, my uncle, and my self, L. Edmond Mortimer, my L. of Yorke, and Owen Glendower? Is there not besides the Downfall have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next moneth? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this and Infidel? Ha, you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the

King,

Henry the Fourth.

King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide my selfe, and goe to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim Milke with so honourable an action. Hang him, let him tell the King, we are prepared. I will set forward to night. *Enter his Lady.* How now Kate, I must leave you within this two houres.

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?

For what offence have I this fortnight beene

A banisht woman from my Harries bed?

Tell me, sweete Lord, what is't that takes from thee

Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?

Why dost thou bend thine eyes unto the earth,

And start so often when thou sitst alone?

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheekes,

And given my treasures and my rights of thee,

To thicke-ey'd musing, and curst melancholy?

In my faint slumbers, I by thee watch,

And heard thee murmure tales of yron warres,

Speake tearmes of mannage to thy bounding Steed.

Cry courage to the field: And thou hast talkt

Of sallies, and retires, trenches, and tents,

Of Pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,

Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,

Of prisoners ransome, and of souldiers slaine,

And all the current of a headdy fight.

Thy spirit within thee hath beene so at warre,

And thus hath so besturd thee in thy sleepe,

That beds of sweat have stood upon thy brow,

Like bubbles in a late disturbed streame,

And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,

Such as we see when men restraine their breath.

On some great sudden haste. O what portents are these?

Some heavy businesse hath my Lord in hand,

And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What ho, is Gilliams with the Packet gone?

Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agoe.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the Sheriffes?

Ser. One Horse, my Lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What Horse? a Roane, a crop-care, is it not?

D

Ser.

The History of

Ser. It is my Lord.
Hot. That Roan shall be my throne. Well, I will backe him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the Parke.
Lady. But heare you, my Lord.
Hot. What sayst thou, my Lady?
La. What is it carries you away?
Hot. Why, my horse (my love) my horse.
La. Our you mad-headed ape, a weazel hath not such a deale of spleene, as you are toft with. In fayth ile know your busines, *Harry*, that I will: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth stir about his title, and hath sent for you to lme his enterprize, but if *Hot.* So far afoot, I shall be weary, love. (you goe.
La. Come, come, you Parraquito. answer me directly unto this question that I shall aske: in fayth ile breake thy little finger, *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.
Hot. Away, away, you trisler, love; I love thee not; I care not for thee, *Kate*, this is no world To play with mammetts, and to tilt with lips, We must have bloody noses, and crackt crownes, And passe them currant too: gods me my horse.
La. Doe you not love me? doe you not indeede? Well, doe not then? for since you love me not, I will not love my selfe. Doe you not love me? Nay, tell me, if you speake in jest, or no?
Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride? And when I am a horse-backe, I will sweare, I love thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*, I must not have you henceforth question me Whither I goe: nor reason whereabout: Whither I must, I must: and to conclude, This evening must I leave you, gentle *Kate*, I know you wise, but yet no farthe wise, Then *Harry Percies* wife. Constant you are, But yet a woman, and for secrecy, Nay Lady closer, for I will beleeve, Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know: And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

Henry the Fourth.

La. How, so far?
Hot. Not an inch further: but harke you *Kate*, Whither I go, thither shall you goe too: To day will I set forward; to morrow you: Will this content you *Kate*?
La. It must of force. *Exeunt.*
Enter Prince, and Poynes.
Pri. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.
Poy. Where hast beene, *Hall*?
Pri. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst three or foure-score Hogs-heads. I have founded the very base string of Humility. Sirra, I am sworn brother to a leash of Drawers, and can call them all by their Christian names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Francis*; they take it alread upon their salvation, that though I be Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the King of *Courtesie*; and tell me flatly, I am not proud *Iacke* like *Falstaffe*; but a *Corinthian*, a Lad of metall, a good Boy (by the Lord so they call me) and when I am King of *England*, I shall command all the good Lads in *East-cheap*. They call drinking deepe, dying *Scarlet*; & when you breathe in your watring, they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his own Language during my life. I will tell thee, *Ned*, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wert not with me in this action: but sweet *Ned*, to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I give thee this penniworth of Sugar, clapt even now into my hand by an undersinker, one that never spake other *English* in his life, then 8 shillings, and 6 pence, and *You are welcome*, with this shrill addition, *Anon anon sir, Skere a pint of Bastard in the halfe-moon*, or so. But *Ned*, to drive away time til *Falstaffe* come, I prethee doe thou stand in some by-roome, while I question my puny Drawer, to what end he have me the Sugar, and do never leave calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing, but *Anon*: step aside, and i'll shew thee a present.
Poy. *Francis.*
Prince. Thou art perfect. *Poy.* *Francis.*
Fran. *Anon anon sir*; looke down into the pomegranat, *Ralfe*
D 2 *Prince.*

The History of Henry Hotspur

Prince. Come hither, Francis.

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Francis. Forsooth five yeeres, and as much as to—

Boy. Francis.

Francis. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Five yeeres: berladay a long lease for the chinking of pewter: But Francis, darest thou be so valliant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?

Francis. O Lord sir, i'le be sworne upon all the Bookes in England, I could find in my heart.

Poy. Francis.

Francis. Anon sir.

Prince. How old art thou, Francis?

Francis. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poy. Francis.

Francis. Anon sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

Prince. Nay, but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gavest me, 'twas but a penny worth, wast not?

Francis. O Lord, I would it had bene two.

Prince. I will give thee for it a thousand pound, aske me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poy. Francis.

Francis. Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis or Francis, on Thursday: or indeed Francis, when thou wilt: But Francis.

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Jerkin, Christall button, Not-pated, Agat-ring, puke-stocking, Caddice-garter, Smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch?

Francis. O Lord sir, who doe you meane?

Prince. Why then your Browne-bastard is your onely drinke: for looke you Francis: your white canvass Doublet will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.

Francis. What sir?

Poy. Francis.

Prince. Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call?

¶ Heere they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to goe.

Enter Vintner.

Vint.

Henry the Fourth.

Vint. What, standst thou still, and hearest such a calling? looke to the Chests within. My Lord, old sir John with halfe a dozen more, are at the dore, shall I let them in?

Pri. Let them alone a while, and then open the dore: Poy. Poy. Anon, anon sir.

Enter Poy.

Pri. Sirra, Falstaffe and the rest of the Theeves, are at the doore, shall we be merry?

Poy. As merry as Crickets, my Lad: but harke yee, what cunning match have you made with this jest of the Drawer? come, what's the issue?

Pri. I am now of all humors, that have shewed themselves humors, since the old daies of good man Adam, to the pupill age of this present Twelue a clocke at midnight. What's a clocke, Francis?

Francis. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. That ever this fellow should have fewer words then a Parrat, and yet the son of a woman. His industry is up staires and downe staires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of Perceys minde, the Hotspur of the North, he that kills me some 6. or 7. dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and sayes to his wife, Fie upon this quiet life, I want work. O my sweet Harry sayes she! how many hast thou kild to day? Give my Roan horse a drench (sayes he) and answers, some fourteen, an hour after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in Falstaffe, i'le play Percy, and that damn'd Brawne shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. Rivo, saies the drunkard: call in ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falstaffe.

Poy. Welcome Iacke, where hast thou been?

Fals. A plague of all cowards I say, and a vengeance too, mary and Amen: give me a cup of sacke, Boy. E're I lead this life long, i'le sow nether stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards; Give me a cup of sacke, rogue, is there no vertue extant?

Prin. Didst thou never see Titan kisse a dish of butter; pittifull hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the Sun? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

D. 3

Fals.

The History of

Fal. You rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too, there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous mā; yet a coward is worse then a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward, go thy waies, old *Iacke*, die when thou wilt; if man hood, good man hood be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shot-ten herring: there lives not 3. good men unhang'd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and growes old; God helpe the while; a bad world I say: I would I were a weaver, I could sing Psalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prin. How now Wool-lacke, what mutter you?

Fal. A Kings Son? if I doe not beat thee out of thy Kingdom with a dagger of Lath, and drive all thy Subjects afore thee like a flocke of Wild-geese, i'll never weare haire on my face more, you Prince of *Wales*?

Prin. Why, you horson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that, and *Poin* there.

Prin. Zounds ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord i'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward? i'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward, but, I would give a thousand pound I could runne as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friends? a plague upon such backing: give me them that will face me, give me a cup of sacke, I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

Prin. O villaine, thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. *He drinks.*

A plague of all cowards still, say I.

Prin. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? heere be foure of us, have tane a thousand pound this morning.

Prin. Where is it, *Iacke*, where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is; a hundred upon poore foure of us.

Prin. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe sword with a dozen of them two houres together, I have scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust thorow the Doublet, foure thorow the

Hose,

Henry the Fourth.

Hose, my buckler cut thorow and thorow, my Sword hack't like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man, all would not do. A plague of all cowards, let them speake, if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes of darknesse.

Gad. Speake, sirs, how was it?

Ross. We foure set upon a dozen.

Fals. Sixteene at least, my Lord.

Ross. And bound them.

Peto. No, no they were not bound.

Fals. You rogue they were bound, every man of them, or I am a Jew else, an Hebrew Jew. (us.)

Ross. As we were sharing, some 6. or 7. fresh men set upon

Fals. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

Prin. What fought ye with them all?

Fals. All? I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of Radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poore old *Iacke*, then am I no twoleg'd creature.

Poin. Pray God you have not murthered some of them.

Fal. Nay that's past praying for, I have pepper'd two of them: Two I am sure I have payed, two rogues in Buckrom futes: I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face; call me Horse: thou knowest my old word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point: foure rogues in Buckrom let drive at me.

Prin. What, foure? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Foure *Hal*. I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I; he said foure.

Fal. These foure came all afront, and mainely thrust at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their seven point in my Target, thus:

Prin. Seven? why there were but foure, even now.

Fal. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buckrom futes.

Fal. Seven, by these Hilts, or I am a villaine else:

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we shall have more anon.

Fals. Doe'st thou heare me, *Hal*.

Prin. I, and marke thee too, *Iacke*.

Fals.

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Fals. Do so, for it is worth the listening to, these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Fals. Their poynts being broken.

Poy. Downe fell his hofe.

Fal. Began to give me ground, but I followed me close, came in foot & hand, and with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

Pr. O monstrous eleven buckrom-men growne out of two! *Fa.* But as the diuel would have it, three mis-begotten knaves in Kendall greene, came at my backe, and let drive at me, for it was so darke, *Hall*, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prin. These lyes are like the father that begets them, grosse as a mountaine, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horse on obscene greasie tallow catch.

Fals. What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prin. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendall greene, when it was so darke thou couldst not see thy hand? come tell us your reason. What sayst thou to this?

Poy. Come, your reason, *Jacke*, your reason.

Fals. What, upon compulsion? Zounds, and I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prin. I'll be no longer guilty of this shame. This sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh.

Fals. Zblood you starueling, you elfskinne, you dried neat-tongue, buls pizzle, you stock-fish: O for breath to utter what is like thee? you taylors-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tucke.

Pr. Well, breathe a while, and then roit againe, & when thou hast tired thy selfe in base coparisons, heare me speake but thus.

Poy. Marke, *Jacke*.

Pri. We two saw you foure set on foure and bound them & were masters of their wealth: mark now how a plain tale shall put you downe: then did we two set on you foure, and with a word

Henry the Fourth.

word, outfac'd you from prize, and have it, yea, and can shew it you here in the house: and *Falstaffe*, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, & roared for mercy, & still run & roare, as ever I heard Bul-calf. What a slave art thou to hacke thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight? what tricke? what device? what starting hole canst thou now finde out, to hide thee from this open & apparant shame?

Poy. Come lets heare, *Jacke*, what tricke hast thou now?

Fals. By the Lord, I knew yee as well as he that made yee. Why heare you masters, was it for me, to kill the Heire apparant? should I turne upon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware instinct, the Lyon will not touch the true Prince, instinct is a great matter. I was a coward on instinct, I shall thinke the better of my selfe, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince: but by the Lord, Lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostesse clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow: Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall we have a Play extempore?

Prin. Content, and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fals. A, no more of that *Hal*, & thou lovest me. *Enter Hostesse*
Hof. O Jesu, my Lord the Prince!

Prin. How now my Lady the Hostesse, what saist thou to me?

Hof. Marry, my L. there is a noble man of the court, at doore, would speake with you: he sayes he comes from your father.

Prin. Give him as much as will make him a Royall man, and send him backe againe to my mother.

Fals. What manner of man is he?

Hof. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his Bed at mid-night? Shall I give him his answer?

Prin. Prethee doe, *Jacke*.

Fal. Fayth, and I'll send him packing.

Prin. Now sirs: birlady you fought faire, so did you *Peto*, so did you *Bardol*; you are Lyons too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true Prince, no, fie.

Bar. Faith, I ran when I saw others runne.

E

Prince.

The History of

Prin. Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came *Falstaffes* Sword so hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and said he would sweare truth out of *England*, but he would make you beleewe it was done in fight, and perswaded us to doe the like.

Car. Yea, and to tickle our noses with speare-grasse, to make them bleede, and then to beslobber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven yeares before, I blush to heare his monstrous devices.

Prin. O villaine, thou stolest a cup of Sacke eightene yeares ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blusht extempore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bar. My Lord, doe you see these meteors? doe you behold these exhalations?

Poin. I doe.

Bar. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot Livers, and cold purfes.

Bar. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken,

Enter Falstaffe.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter. Heere comes leane *Iacke*, here comes bare-bones. How now sweete creature of Bombast, how long is't agoe, *Iacke*, since thou sawest thine owne Knee?

Fals. My owne Knee? when I was about thy yeeres (*Hall*) I was not an Eagles tallon in the waste: I could have crept into any Aldermans thumbe-ring: a plague of sighing and grieve, it blowes a man up like a bladder. Ther's villanous news abroad, here was Sir *Iohn Braby* from your father: you must goe to the Court in the morning. The same mad fellow of the North *Percy*; and he of *Wales*, that gave *Amamon* the Bastinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and swore the divell his true liegeman upon the Crosse of a Welsh-hook; what a plague call you him?

Poy. O, *Glendower*!

Fal. Owen *Glendower*, the same, and his sonne in law *Martimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the sprightly *Scot* of *Scottes*, *Douglas*, that runs a horsebacke up a hill perpendicular.

Prin. He that rides at high speede, and with a pistoll kills a Sparrow flying.

Fals.

Henry the Fourth.

Fals. You have hit it.

Prin. So did he never the Sparrow.

Fals. Well, that rascall hath good mettall in him, he will not runne.

Prin. Why; what a rascall art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Fals. A horse-backe (ye Cuckoe) but on foote he will not budge a foote.

Prin. Yes *Iacke*, upon instinct.

Fals. I grant ye, upon instinct: well, he is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thousand blue Caps more. *Worcester* is stolne away by night, thy fathers beard is turn'd white with the news; you may buy Land now as cheape as stinking Mackrell.

Prin. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this civill buffeting hold, we shall buy mayden-heads as they buy Hobnaysles, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the Masse, Lad, thou saist true, it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, *Hall*, Art not thou horribly afeard? thou being Heire apparent, could the world picke thee out threesuch enemies againe, as that fiend *Douglas*, that sprite *Percy*, and that divell *Glendower*? Art thou not horribly afraide? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit yfaith: I lacke some of thy instinct.

Fals. Well, thou wilt be horribly chidde to morrow, when thou comest to thy Father: if thou doe love me, practise an answer.

Prin. Do thou stand for my Father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fals. Shall I? content: this Chaire shall be my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushion my Crowne.

Prin. Thy State is taken for a joynd stoole, thy golden Scepter for a leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pitifull bald Crowne.

Fals. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cupp of Sacke, to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I have wept: For I must speake in passion, and I will doe it in King *Cambyses* veine.

E 2

Prince:

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Prin. Well, heere is my legge.

Fal. And here is my speech: stand aside, Nobility.

Ho. O Jesu, this is excellent sport, yfaith.

Fal. Weepe not sweete Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Ho. O the father, how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods sake Lords, convey my truitfull Queene;
For teares do stop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Ho. O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as
ever I see.

Fal. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good tickle-braine.

Harry, I doe not onely marvell where thou spendest thy time,
but also, how thou art accompanied: For though the Camme-
mile, the more it is troden, the faster it growes; yet youth, the
more it is wasted, the sooner it weares: thou art my sonne, I have
partly thy mothers word, partly my opinion; but chiefly, a vil-
lanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether
lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be sonne to me, here lieth
the poynt, why, being sonne to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall
the blessed sonne of heaven prove a micher, and eate Blacke-ber-
ries? a question not to be askt. Shall the sonne of *England* prove
a thiefe, and take purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing,
Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to ma-
ny in our Land, by the name of Pitch; this Pitch (as ancient wri-
ters doe report) doth defile? so doth the company thou keepest:
for *Harry,* now I doe not speak to thee in drinke, but in teares;
not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes
also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I have often noted
in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prin. What manner of man, and it like your Majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheer-
full looke, a pleasing eie, & a most noble carriage, and as I think
his age some fifty, or birlady, inclining to threescore, and now I
remember me, his name is *Falstaffe*: if that man should be lewd-
ly given, he deceives me. For *Harry,* I see vertue in his lookes; if
then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree,
then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that *Falstaffe*,
him keepe with, the rest banish, and tell me now, thou naughty
varlet, tell me, where hast thou beene this month?

Prince.

Henry the Fourth.

Prince. Dost thou speake like a King? doe thou stand for me,
and i'le play my father.

Fal. Depole me, if thou dost it halfe so gravely, so majestically
both in word and matter, hang me up by the heeles for a Rab-
bet-sucker, or a powlters hare.

Prince. Well, heere I am set.

Fal. And heere I stand, judge my masters.

Prince. Now *Harry,* whence come you?

Fal. My noble Lord, from *East-cheape*.

Prince. The complaints I heare of thee, are grievous.

Fal. Zbloud my Lord, they are false: nay, i'le tickle yee for a
young Prince yfaith.

Prin. Swearst thou, ungracious Boy? henceforth ne'r eelooke
on me, thou art violently carried away from grace; there is a
divel haunts thee in the likeness of a fat old man, a tunne of man
is thy companion; why dost thou converse with that trunk of
humors, that boulting-butch of beastlinesse, that sowlne parcell
of Dropsies, that huge bombard of Sacke, that stuff Cloake-bag
of gutts, that rosted Manning-tree Oxe with the pudding in his
belly, that reverent Vice, that gray Iniquitie, that father Rus-
sian, that vanity in yeares? wherein is he good, but to taste Sack
and drinke it? wherein neate and cleanly, but to carue a Capon
and eate it? wherein cunning, but in Craft? wherein crafty, but
in Villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein wor-
thy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your Grace would take me with you: whom
meanes your Grace?

Prin. That villanous abominable misleader of youth, *Falstaffe*,
that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know. *Prin.* I know thou dost,

Fal. But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe,
were to say more then I know: that he is old (the more the pi-
ty) his white haies do witnesse it: but that he is (saving your
reverence) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny: if Sacke and
Sugar be a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be old and merry
be a sin, then many an old Oast that I know, is damn'd; if to be
fatte, be to be hated, then *Pharaohs* leane Kine are to be loved.
No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardol*, banish *Poynes*, but

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for

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for sweet *Iacke Falstaffe*, kind *Iacke Falstaffe*, true *Iacke Falstaffe*, valiant *Iacke Falstaffe*, and therefore more valiant, being as he is old *Iacke Falstaffe*, banish not him thy *Harries* company, banish not him thy *Harries* company; banish plump *Iacke*, and banish all the world.

Prin. I doe, I will.

Enter Bardoll running.

Bar. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Shrieve, with a most monstrous Watch is at the doore.

Fals. Out you rogue, play out the play. I have much to say in the behalfe of that *Falstaffe*.

Enter the Hostesse.

Hos. O Jesu, my Lord, my Lord!

Fals. Heigh, heigh, the Divell rides upon a Fiddle-sticke, what's the matter?

Hos. The Sherife and all the Watch are at the dore, they are come to search the House, shall I let them in?

Fals. Dost thou heare, *Hall*? never call a true peece of Gold, a Counterfeit, thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

Prin. And thou art a naturall Coward, without instinct.

Fals. I deny your Major, if you will deny the Sherife, so, if not let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up: I hope I shall as soone be strangled with a Halter as another.

Prin. Go hide thee behinde the Arras, the rest walke up above. Now my Masters, for a true Face and good Conscience.

Fals. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

Prin. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prin. Now master Sherife, what is your wil with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my Lord. A hue and cry hath followed certaine men unto this house.

Prin. What men?

Sher. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a grosse fat man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prince. The man, I do assure you, is not heere, For I my selfe at this time have employed him:

And

Henry the Fourth.

And Sherife, I will ingage my word to thee, That I will by to morrow dinner time, Send him to answer thee or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withall, And so let me intreate you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my Lord, there are two Gentlemen. Have in this robbery lost 3000. Markes.

Prin. It may be so: if he have rob'd these men, He shall be answerable: and so farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble Lord.

Prin. I thinke it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my Lord, I thinke it is two a clocke. *Exit.*

Prin. This oyle rascall is knowne as well as Poules: go call him forth.

Peto. *Falstaffe*? fast asleepe behinde the Arras, and snorting like a horse.

Prin. Harke how hard he fetches breath, search his pockets.

He searcheth his pockets, and findeth certaine pappers.

Prin. What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but pappers, my Lord.

Prin. Let's see what be they: read them.

Item a Capon ij. s. ij. d

Item sawce iiij. d

Item Sacke, two gallons v. s. vij. d

Item Anchoves and Sacke after Supper ij. s. vij. d

Item bread ob

O monstrous, but one halfe peniworth of bread to this intolerable deale of Sacke! What there is else, keep close, weele read it at more advantage, there let him sleepe till day, I'll to the Court in the morning. We must all to the Warres, and thy place shall be honorable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foote, and I know his death will be a march of twelve score; the money shall be payed backe againe with advantage: be with me sometimes in the morning, and so good morrow *Peto.*

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer,

Owen Glendower.

Mor. These promises are faire, the parties sure,

And

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And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, & Cousin *Glendower*, will you sit down?
And *Uncle Worcester*; a plague upon it, I have forgot the Map.

Glen. No, heere it is; sit cousin *Percy*, sit, good cousin *Hotspur*,
for by that name, as often as *Lancaster* doth speake of you, his
cheeke lookes pale, and with a rising sigh he wisheth you in
Heaven.

Hot. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares *Owen Glendower*
spoke of.

Glen. I cannot blame him; at my nativity,
The front of Heaven was full of fiery shapes
Of burning Creslets: and at my birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your
mothers Cat had but kited, though your selfe had never been
borne.

Glen. I say, the Earth did shake when I was borne.

Hot. And I say, the Earth was not of my mind.
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

Glen. The Heavens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hot. Oh, then the Earth shooke to see the Heavens on fire,
And not in feare of your Nativity:
Diseased nature oftentimes breakes forth
In strange eruptions, and the teeming Earth
Is with a kind of Collicke pincht and vext,
By the imprisoning of unruly Winde
Within her wombe, which for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame Earth, and topples downe
Steeple, and mosse-growne Towers, At your Birth
Our Grandam Earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shooke.

Glen. Cousin, of many men
I doe not beare these crossings: give me leave
To tell you once againe, that at my birth,
The front of Heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The Goates ran from the Mountaines; and the Heardes
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted Fields,

These

Henry the Fourth.

These signes have mark't me extraordinary.
And all the courses of my life doe shew,
I am not in the rolle of common men:
Where is the living, clipt in with the Sea,
That chides the Bankes of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Wales*,
Which calms me pupill, or hath read to me,
And bring him out that is but Womans sonne,
Can trace me in the tedious way of *Art*,
And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

Hot. I thinke there's no man speakes better *Welsh*,
I'll to dinner.

Mor. Peace, cousin *Percy*, you will make him mad.

Glen. I can call Spirits from the vasty deepe.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man:
But will they come, when you doe call for them?

Glen. Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command the Divell.

Hot. And I can teach thee, cousin, to shame the Divell
By telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the Divell.
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworne, I have power to shame him hence.
Oh while you live, tell truth, and shame the Divell.

Mor. Come, come: no more of this unprofitable chat.

Glen. Three times hath *Henry Bullingbrooke* made head
Against my power, thrice from the banke of *Wye*,
And Sandy-bottom'd *Severne* have I sent him
Bootlesse home, and weather-beaten backe.

Hot. Home without bootes, and in foule weather too?
How scapes he agues in the divels name?

Glen. Come, here is the Map, shall we divide our right,
According to our threefold order tane?

Mor. The *Archdeacon* hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England from *Trent*, and *Severne* hitherto,
By South and East, is to my part assignde,
All Westward *Wales* beyond the *Severne* shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound
To *Owen Glendower*: and, deare Cuz, to you
The remnant Northward, lying off from *Trent*,

F

And

The History of

And our indentures tripartite are drawne,
Which being sealed interchangeably,
(A businesse that this night may execute :)
To morrow, cousin *Percy*, you and I,
And my good Lord of *Worcester* will set forth,
To meete your father and the Scottish power,
As is appoynted us, at *Shrewsbury* :
My father *Glendower* is not ready yet,
Nor shall wee neede his helpe these fourteene daies,
Within that space, you may have drawne together
Your tenants, friends and neighbouring Gentlemen.

Glen. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords,
And in my conduct shall your Ladies come,
From whom you now must steale and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Me thinkes my moity *North* from *Burton* heere,
In quantity equals not one of yours :
See, how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land,
A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous scantle out :
I'le have the currant in this place dam'd up,
And here the smag and silver *Trent* shall run,
In a new channell, faire and evenly,
It shall not winde with such a deepe indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottome here.

Glen. Not wind? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

Mor. Yea, but marke how he beares his course, and runs me
up, with like advantage on the other side, gelding the opposed
continent, as much as on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this North-side, win this cape of land,
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'le have it so, a little charge will doe it.

Glen. I'le not have it altered.

Hot. Will not you?

Glen. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glen.

Henry the Fourth.

Glen. Why that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then, speake it in *welsh*.

Glen. I can speake *English*, Lord, as well as you,
For I was trained up in the *English* Court,
Where, being but yong, I framed to the Harpe
Many an *English* dittie, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament :
A vertue that was never scene in you.

Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart:

I had rather bee a kitten and cry mew,
Then one of these same meter ballet-mongers :
I had rather heare a brazen cansticke turnd,
Or a dry wheele grate on the axeltree,
And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing so much as minsing Poetry :
T'is like the forc't gate of a shuffing nag.

Glen. Come, you shall have *Trent* turn'd.

Hot. I doe not care, Ile give thrice so much Land
To any well-deserving friend :
But in the way of bargaine, marke yee mee,
Ile cavil on the ninth part of a haire.

Are the indentures drawne? shall wee be gone?

Glen. The Moone shines faire, you may away by night ;
Ile haste the writer, and withall
Breake with your wives, of your departure hence.

I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much shee doteth on her *Mortimer*,

Exit.

Mor. Fie cousin *Percy*, how you croffe my father !

Hot. I cannot chuse, sometimes hee angers mee,
With telling mee of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
Of the dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies :
And of a dragon and a finlesse fish,
A clip-wingd Griffin, and a moulten Raven,
A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,
And such a deale of skimble skamble stuffe,
As puts mee from my faith. I tell you what,
Hee held mee last night, at least nine houres,
In reckoning up the severall divels names,

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That

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That were his Lackies, I cried hum, and well, go to,
But markt him not a word; O, hee is as tedious
As a tyred Horse, a rayling Wife,
Worse then a smokie House. I had rather live
With Cheefe and Garlike in a Wind-mill farre,
Then feed on cates, and have him talke to mee,
In any Summer-house in Christendome.

Mor. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read and profited
In strange concealements, valiant as a Lyon,
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull
As Mines of *India*: shall I tell you, Cousin,
Hee holds your temper in a high respect.
And curbs himselfe, even of his naturall scope,
When you come crosse his humor, faith hee does.
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might so have tempted him, as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproofe:
But doe not use it off, let me intreat you.

Mor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame.
And since your comming hither, have done enough
To put him quite besides his patience.
You must needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault.
Though sometimes it shew greatnesse, courage, blood,
And thats the dearest grace it renders you:
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of Government,
Pride, hautesse, opinion, and disdain;e;
The least of which haunting a Nobleman,
Loseth mens hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Vpon the beautie of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am schoold. Good-manners by your speed.
Heere come our wives. and let us take our leaves.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly spight that angers me,
My Wife can speake no *English*, I no *Welsh*,

Glen. My daughter weepes, shee le not part with you,

Shee le

Henry the Fourth.

Shee le be a soldier too, shee le to the warres
Mor. Good father, tell her that she, and my Aunt *Percy*,
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

*Glendower speakes to her in Welsh, and she answers
him in the same.*

Glen. Shee is desperate heere,
A peevish selfe will'd harlotry, one that no perswasion can doe
good upon.

The Lady speakes in Welsh.

Mor. I understand thy lookes, that pretty *Welsh*,
Which thou powrest downe from these swelling Heavens,
I am too perfect in, and but for shame,
In such a parley I could answer thee.

The Lady againe in Welsh.

Mor. I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language, for thy tongue
Makes *Welsh* as sweete as ditties highly pend,
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers bower,
With ravishing division to her lute.

Glen. Nay, if thou melt, then will shee runne mad.

The Lady speakes againe in Welsh.

Mor. O, I am ignorance it selfe in this.

Glen. Shee bids you on the wanton rushes lay you downe,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the Song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crowne the god of sleepe,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleepe,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The houre before the heavenly harvest teeme
Begins his golden progresse in the East.

Mor. With all my heart I'll sit and heare her sing,
By that time will our Booke I thinke be drawne.

Glen. Do so: and those Musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the Ayre a thousand Leagues from hence,
And straight they shall be here, sit and attend.

F 3

Hot.

The History of

Hot. Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe,
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

La. Go, yee giddy goose.

The Musicke playes.

Hot. Now I perceive the Divell understands *Welsh*.
And 'tis no marvell he is so humorous,
Birlady he is a good musician.

La. Then would you be nothing but musically,
For you are altogether by humours:

Lie still, ye thiefe, and heare the Lady sing in *Welsh*.

Hot. I had rather heare, Lady, my breech howle in *Irish*.

La. Would't have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

La. Then be still.

Hot. Neither, 'tis a woman's fault.

La. Now God helpe thee.

Hot. To the *Welsh* Ladies bed.

La. What's that?

Hot. Peace, shee sings.

Heere the Lady sings a Welsh Song.

Hot. Come, i'll have your Song too.

La. Not mine in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours in good sooth? *Hart*, you sweare like a com-
fitmakers wife, not you in good sooth, & as true as I live, and as
God shall mend me, and as sure as day:

And givest such farcenet surety for thy othes,

As if thou never walk'st further then *Finsbury*.

Sweare me, *Kate*, like a Lady as thou art,

A good mouth-filling oath, and leave in sooth,

And such protest of pepper ginger-bread,

To velvet gards, and Sunday Cittizens.

Come, sing.

La. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turne taylor, or be red-breast teacher:
and the indentures be drawne, i'll away within these 2. hours,
and so come in when you will. *Exit.*

Glen. Come, come; Lord *Mortimer*, you are slow.
As *Hot* Lord *Percy* is on fire to goe.

By

Henry the Fourth.

By this our Booke is drawne, wee'le but scale,
And then to horse immediately.

Mer. With all my heart.

Exeunt.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords, give us leave, the *Prince of Wales*, and I,
Must have some private conference, but be neere at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you. *Exeunt Lords.*

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That in his secret doome, out of my blood,
Hee'le breed revengement and a scourge for me:

But thou dost in the passages of life,

Make me beleieve, that thou art onely mark't

For the hot vengeance and the rod of Heaven,

To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,

Could such inordinate and low desires,

Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such meane attempts,

Such barren pleasures, rude society,

As thou art matcht withall, and grafted to,

Accompany the greatnesse of thy blood,

And hold their levell with thy Princely heart?

Prin. So please your Majesty, I would I could

Quite all offences with as cleare excuse,

As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge

My selfe of many I am charg'd withall:

Yet such extenuation let me beg,

As in reproofe of many tales devis'd,

Which oft the eare of Greatnesse needs must heare,

By smiling pick-thankes, and base newes-mongers,

I may for some things true, wherein my youth

Hath faulty wandred, and irregular,

Finde pardon on my true submission.

King. God pardon thee, yet let me wonder, *Harry*,

At thy affections, which doe hold a wing

Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors:

Thy place in Councell thou hast rudely lost,

Which by thy yonger Brother is supplide,

And art almost an alien to the hearts

of

The History of

Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time,
Is ruin'd, and the soule of every man
Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall:
Had I so lavish of my presence beene,
So common hackneied in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheape to vulgar company,
Opinion that did helpe me to the Crowne,
Had still kept loyall to possession,
And left me in reputelesse banishment.
A fellow of no marke nor likelihood.
By being seldome seene, I could not stirre,
But like a Comet I was wondred at,
That men would tell their Children, This is he:
Others would say, Where? which is *Bullingbrooke*?
And then I stole all courtesie from heaven,
And drest my selfe in such humility,
That I did plucke allegiance from mens hearts:
Loud shoutes and salutations from their mouthes,
Even in the presence of the Crowned King.
Thus I did keepe my person fresh and new,
My presence like a robe pontificall,
Ne're seene, but wondred at, and so my state,
Seldome, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast,
And wanne by rarenesse such solemnity.
The skipping King, he ambled up and downe,
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his state,
Mingled his royalty with carping fooles;
Had his great name prophaned with their scornes,
And gave his countenance against his name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push
Of every bearded vaine comparative,
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enforc't himselfe to popularity,
That being dai ly swallowed by mens eyes,
They surfeited with Hony, and began to loath
The taste of sweetnesse, whereof a little,

More

Henry the Fourth.

More then a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seene,
He was, but as the Cuckow is in June,
Heard, not regarded: seene but with such eyes
As sicke and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like Majesty,
When it shines seldome in admiring eyes;
But rather drowzd, and hung their eye-lids downe,
Slept in his face, and rendring such aspect,
As cloudy men use to doe to their adversaries,
Being with his presence, glutted, gorg'd, and full,
And in that very line, *Harry*, standest thou:
For, thou hast lost thy Princely priviledge,
With vile participation. Nor an eye
But is a weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more,
Which now doth that I would not have it done,
Make blind it selfe with foolish tenderesse.

Prin. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
Be more my selfe. *King.* For all the world
As thou art to this houre, was *Richard* then,
When I from France set foote at *Ravenpurgh*,
And even as I was then, is *Percy* now;
Now by my scepter, and my soule to boote:
He hath more worthy interest to the state
Then thou, the snadow of succession,
For of no right nor colour like to right
He doth fill fields with Harneesse in the Realme,
Turnes head against the Lyons armed Jawes,
And being no more in debt to yeares then thou,
Leads ancient Lords, and reverent Bishops on,
To bloody battels, and to brusing armes.
What never-dying honour hath he got,
Against renowned *Douglas*? whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions and great name in armes,
Holds from all souldiers chiefe Majority,
And military title capitall,

G

Through

The History of

Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,
Thrice hath the *Hotspur* Mars in swathing cloathes,
This infant warriour, in his enterprizes,
Discomfited great *Dowglas*, tane him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? *Percy Northumberland*,
The Archbishops grace of *York*, *Dowglas*, *Mortimer*,
Capitulate against us, and are up.

But, wherefore doe I tell these newes to thee?

Why, *Harry*, doe I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neereft and dearest enemy?
That thou art like enough through vassall feare;
Base inclination, and the start of spleene,
To fight against me under *Percies* pay,
To dog his heeles, and curtsie at his frownes,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

Prin. Doe not thinke so, you shall not finde it so,
And god forgive them, that so much have swaide
Your Majesties good thoughts away from me:

I will redeeme all this on *Percies* head;
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your sonne,
When I will weare a garment all of blood,
And staine my favours in a bloody maske,
Which washt away, shall scoure my shame with it,
And that shall be the day, when ere it lights
That this same childe of honour and renowne,
This gallant *Hotspur*, this al-praised Knight,
And your unthought of *Harry* chance to meete,
For every honour sitting on his helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shame redoubled. For the time will come,
That I shall make this Northren youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my Lord
To engrosse my glorious deeds on my behalfe.

Henry the Fourth.

And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will teare the reckoning from his heart.
This in the name of god I promise here,
The which if he be pleas'd, I shall performe.

I do beseech your Majesty may salve,
The long growne wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
And I will dye an hundred thousand deathes,
Ere breake the smallest parcell of this vow.

King. A hundred thousand rebels die in this,
Thou shalt have charge, and soveraine trust herein.
How now, good *Blunt*? thy lookes are full of speed.

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. So hath the busines that I come to speake off.
Lord Mortimer of *Scotland* hath sent word,
That *Dowglas* and the *English* rebels met
The eleventh of this moneth, at *Shrewesbury*:
A mighty and a fearefull head they are,
(If promises be kept on every hand)
As ever offered foule play in a State.

King. The Earle of *Westmerland* set forth to day,
With him my sonne *Lord John* of *Lancaster*,
For this advertisement is five dayes old,
On Wednesday next, *Harry*, thou shalt set forward:
On Thursday, we our selves will march. Our meeting
Is *Bridgenorth*, and, *Harry*, you shall march
Through *Glocester-shire*, by which account
Our busines valued some twelue dayes hence,
Our generall forces at *Bridgenorth* shall meete.
Our hands are full of busines, let's away,
Advantage feedes him fat, while men delay.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardoll.

Fal. *Bardoll*, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action
doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? why my skin hangs about
me like an old *Ladies* loose gowne. I am withered like an old
apple. *John*. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly while I am in

The History of

some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, & then I shall have no strength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a Peppercorn, a brewers horse, the inside of a Church. Company, villanous company hath been the spoyle of me.

Bar. Sir John, you are so fretfull, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it, come, sing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuously given, as a Gentleman need to be, vertuous enough, swore little, dic'd not above seven times a weeke, went to a Bawdy house not above once in a quarter of an houre, paid money that I borrowed three or foure times, lived well, and in good compasse, and now I live out of all order, out of compasse.

Bar. Why, you are so fatte, *Sir John*, that you must needs be out of all compasse: out of all reasonable compasse, *Sir John*.

Fal. Doe thou amend thy face. & I'll amend my life: thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Nose of thee, thou art the King of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why, *Sir John*, my face does you no harme.

Fal. No, I'll be sworne, I make as good use of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I never see thy face, but I thinke upon hell fire, and *Dives* that lived in Purple: for there he is in his Robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way give to vertue, I would sweare by thy face: my oath should be, *By this fire, that's gods Angel*: But thou art altogether given over; & wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the Sunne of utter darknesse. When thou runst up *Gads-hill* in the night, to catch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst been an *Ignis fatuus*, or a bal of wild-fire; there's no purchase in Mony, O thou art a perpetuall Triumph, and everlasting Bone-fire-light, thou hast saved me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt Taverne & Taverne: but the Sack that thou hast drunke me, would have bought me Lights as good cheape, of the dearest Chandlers in *Europe*. I have maintained that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty yeares: God reward me for it.

Bar. Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. God a mercy, so should I be heart-burned.

How

Henry the Fourth.

How now, dame *Parlet* the Hen, have you enquired yet who pickt my pocket?

Enter Hostesse.

Hof. Why *Sir John*, what do you think *Sir John*? do you think I keepe theeves in my house? I have searcht, I have inquired, so haz my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tight of a haire was never lost in my house before.

Fal. Ye lie, *Hostesse*, *Bardoll* was shav'd and lost many haire, and I'll be sworne my pocket was pickt: goe to, you are a woman, goe.

Hof. Who I? I defie thee: Gods light, I was never cald so in mine own house before.

Fal. Goe to, I know you well enough.

Hof. No, *Sir John*, you doe not know me, *Sir John*; I know you *Sir John*, you owe me money *Sir John*, and now you picke a quarrell to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your backe.

Fal. *Douglas*, filthy *Douglas*: I have given them away to Bakers wives, they have made boulders of them.

Hof. Now as I am a true woman, *Holland* of viij. s. an ell: you owe money here besides, *Sir John*, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and mony lent you, xxiiij. pound.

Fal. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Hof. He? alas, he is poore, he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poore? looke upon his face: What call you rich? let them coine his Nose, let them coine his cheekes, I'll not pay a denyer: what, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine Inn, but I shall have my pocket pickt? I have lost a seale Ring of my Grandfathers, worth forty marke.

Hof. O *Jesu*, I have heard the *Prince* tell him, I know not how oft, that Ring was Copper.

Fal. How? the *Prince* is a Jack, a sneak-cap: Zbloud and he were here, I would cudgell him like a Dog, if he would say so.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meets him, playing on his Truncheon like a Fife.

Fal. How now Lad, is the wind in that doore yfaith? Must we all march?

Bar. Yea two and two; Newgate fashion.

Hof. My Lord, I pray you heare me.

G 3

Prin.

The History of

Prin. What faist thou, *Mistress* quickly? how does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my Lord, heare me.

Fal. Prethee let her alone, and list to me.

Prin. What faist thou, *Iacke*?

Fal. The other night I fell asleepe here behind the Arras, and had my pocket pick't, this house is turn'd bawdy-house, they picke pockets.

Prin. What didst thou lose, *Iacke*?

Fal. Wilt thou beleewe me, *Hall*? three or foure bonds of forty pounds a peece, and a scale Ring of my grand-fathers.

Prin. A trifle, some eight penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my Lord, and I said, I heard your grace say so: and my Lord, he speakes most vilely of you, like a foule-mouth'd man, as he is, and said, he would cudgell you.

Prin. What he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor woman-hood in mee else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee, then a stued Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for woman-hood Mayd marian may bee the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee, Goe you thing, goe.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

Host. I am no thing to thanke God on, I would thou shouldst know it: I am an honest mans wife, and setting thy Knight-hood aside, thou art a knave, to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy Woman-hood aside, thou art a beast, to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beast? why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, *Sir Iohn*? why an Otter?

Fal. Why? shee's neither fish nor flesh; a man knowes not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou, or any man knowes where to have me, thou knave thou.

Prin. Thou sayest true, *Hostesse*, and he slaunders thee most grosely.

Host. So he doth you, my Lord, and said this other day,
You

Henry the Fourth.

You ought him a thousand pound.

Prin. Sirra, doe I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, *Hall*? a Million: thy love is worth a Million: thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my Lord, he called you *Iacke*, and sayd he would cudgell you.

Fal. Did, I *Bardoll*?

Bar. Indeed, *Sir Iohn*, you sayd so.

Fal. Yea, if he sayd my Ring was Copper.

Pri. I say tis copper: dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why *Hall*? thou know'st, as thou art but a man, I dare: but as thou art *Prince*, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons whelp.

Prin. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The King himselfe is to be feared as the Lyon: doest thou thinke I'll feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay, & I doe, I pray God my Girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees? But sirra, ther's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty, in this bosome of thine; it is all filld up with Guts, and Midriffes. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horefon impudent Imboist rascall, if there were any thing in thy pocket, but taverne reckonings, *memorandums* of Bawdy houses, and one poore peniworth of Sugar-candy to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were inricht with any other injuries but these, I am a villaine, and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong: art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou heare, *Hall*? Thou know'st, in the state of innocency, *Adam* fell: and what should poore *Iacke Falstaffe* doe in the dayes of villany? thou seest, I have more flesh then another man, and therefore more frailty: you confesse then you pickt my

Prin. It appeares so by the story.

Fal. *Hostesse*, I forgive thee: goe make ready breakefast, love thy Husband, looke to thy Servants, cherish thy Ghefts, thou shalt finde me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified still: nay, I prethee be gon. *Exit Hostesse.* Now *Hall*, to the newes at Court for the robbery: Lad, how is that answered?

The History of

Prin. O my sweet beefe, I must still be good Angell to thee
the money is payd backe againe.

Fal. O, I doe not like that paying backe, 'tis a double labour.

Pr. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do
it with unwastfull hands too.

Bar. Doe, my Lord.

Prin. I have procured thee *Iacke*, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that
can steale well? O for a fine theefe of the age of xxii. or therea-
bout: I am hainously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for
these rebels, they offend none but the vertuous, I laud them, I
praise them.

Prince. Bardoll.

Bar. My Lord.

Prin. Goe beare this letter to Lord *John* of Lancaster,
To my brother *John*: this to my Lord of *Westmerland*.

Goe, *Peto*, to horse: for thou and I

Have thirty miles yet to ride ere dinner time:

Iacke, meete me to morrow in the Temple hall,

At two a clocke in the afternoone,

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive
Mony and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, *Percy* stands on high,
And cyther they or we must lower lye.

Fal. Rare words! brave world! *Hostesse*, my breakfast, come,
Oh, I could wish this Taverne were my drum.

Exeunt.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.

Hot. Well sayd, my noble *Scor*, if speaking truth
In this fine age were not through flattery,
Such attribution should the *Douglas* have,
As not a Souldier of this seasons stampe,
Should goe so generall currant through the world:
By God I cannot flatter, I desie

The tongue of ffoothers, but a braver place
In my hearts love hath no man then your selfe,
Nay task me to my word, approve me, Lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of honour,
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.

Enter one with letters.

Hot.

Henry the Fourth.

Hot. Doe so, and 'tis well: what letters have you there? I can
but thanke you.

Mess. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him? why comes he not himselfe?

Mess. He can not come, my Lord, he is grievous sick.

Hot. Zounds, how haz he leisure to be sick

In such a justling time? who leads his power?

Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters beare his mind, not I his mind.

Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his bed?

Mess. He did my Lord, foure dayes ere I set forth.

And at the time of my departure hence,

He was much feard by his Physicion.

Wor. I would the state of times had first bin whole,
Ere he by sicknesse had bin visited:

His health was never better worth then now.

Hot. Sick now? droope now? this sicknes doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprize,

'Tis catching hither, even to our Campe:

He writes me here, that inward sicknesse,

And that his friends by deputation,

Could not so soon be drawne, nor did he thinke it meete,

To lay so dangerous and deare a trust

On any soule remov'd, but on his owne;

Yet doth he give us bold advertisment,

That with our small conjunction, we should on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to us:

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the King is certainly posselt

Of all our purposes: what say you to it?

War. Your fathers sicknesse is a maine to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limme lopt off,

And yet, in faith it is not his present want

Seemes more then we shall finde it. Were it good,

To set the exact wealth of all our States,

All at one cast? to set so rich a maine,

On the nice hazzard of one doubtfull houre?

It were not good, for therein should we read

H

Tha

The History of

The very bottome and the soule of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our Fortunes.

Dom. Fayth, and so we should,
Where now remains a sweet reversion,
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what's to come in,
A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A randevous, a home to fly unto,
If that the Divell and mischance looke big
Upon the maydenhead of our affaires.

Wor. But yet I would your father had bene heere,
The quality and heire of our attempt
Brookes no division, it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and meere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence:
And thinke, how such an apprehension
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,
And breed a kinde of question in our cause:
For, well you know, we of the offering side,
Must keepe aloofe from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loope, from whence
The eye of reason may prie in upon us:
This absence of your Father drawes a curtaine,
That shewes the ignorant, a kinde of feare
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You straine too farre,
I rather of his absence make this use,
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to your great enterprize,
Then if the Earle were heere: for men must thinke,
If we without his helpe, can make a head
To push against the Kingdome, with his helpe,
We shall, or turne it topsie turvy downe:
Yet all goes well, yet all our joynts are whole.

Dom. As heart can thinke, there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this dreame of feare.

Enter Sir Rich. Vernon.

Hot.

Henry the Fourth.

Hot. My cousin *Vernon*, welcome by my soule.

Ver. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earle of *Westmoreland*, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherward with Prince *John*.

Hot. No harme, what more?

Ver. And further, I have learned,
The King himsele in person hath set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too; Where is his Sonne,
The nimble-footed mad-cap, Prince of *Wales*,
And his Cumrades, that daft the world aside,
And bid it passe?

Ver. All furnisht? all in Armes?

All plump like *Estridges*, that with the winde
Bayted like *Eagles*, having lately bath'd
Glittring in golden Coates like Images,
As full of spirit as the moneth of May,
And gorgeous as the Sunne at Midsummer;
Wanton as youthfull *Goates*, wild as young *Bulls*:
I saw young *Harry*, with his Bever on,
His Cushes on his thighes, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feathered *Mercury*,
And vaulted with such ease into his seate,
As if an Angell dropt downe from the Cloudes,
To turne and winde a fiery *Pegasus*,
And witch the world with noble Horse-manship.

Hot. No more, no more, worse then the Sunne in March
This prayse doth nourish Agues; let them come,
They come like Sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyde mayde of smoky warre,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mayled *Mars* shall on his Altar sit
Up to the cares in blood. I am on fire
To heare this rich reprizall is so nigh:
And yet not ours. Come; let me take my Horse,
Who is to beare me like a thunder-bolt,
Against the bosome of the Prince *Wales*.

H 2

Harry

The History of

Harry to Harry, shall not Horfe to Horfe
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarfe:
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

Ver. There is more newes,
I learned in *Worcester*, as I rode along,
He can not draw his power this fourteene dayes.

Dow. That's the worst tydings that I heare of yet.

Wor. I by my fayth that beares a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the Kings whole battell reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be.

My Father and *Glendower* being both away,

The powers of us may serve so great a day.

Come, let us muster speedily,

Doomes-day is neere, die all, dy merrily.

Dow. Talke not of dying: I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare.

Exeunt.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardol.

Fal. *Bardol*, get thee before to *Coventry*, fill me a bottle of
Sacke, our Souldiers shall march through; Wee'l to *Suttoncop-*
hill to night.

Bar. Will you give me money, Captaine?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an Angell.

Fal. And it doe take it for thy labour, and if it maketwenty,
take them all, I'll answer the coynage; bid my Lieutenant *Peto*
meet me at Townes end.

Bar. I will, Captaine: farewell.

Exit.

Fal. If I be asham'd of my Souldiers, I am a fowst Gurnet; I
have misused the Kings presse damnably. I have got in exchange
of 150. Souldiers, 300. and odde pounds. I presse me none but
good Housholders, Yeomens sonnes, inquire me out contracted
Batchelers, such as had been askt twice on the Banes, such a co-
modity of warme slaves, as had as lief heare the Divell as a
Drumme, such as feare the report of a Caliver, worse then a
strok-foole, or a hurt Wild-duck: I prest me none but such
Tosts & butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then Pins
heads, and they have brought out their services: and now my
whole

Henry the Fourth.

whole charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants,
Gentlemen of Companies, Slaves as ragged as *Lazarus* in the
painted Cloth where the Gluttons Dogs licked his Sores: and
such as indeed were never Souldiers, but discarded unjust Ser-
vingmen, yonger Sonnes to yonger Brothers, revolted Tapsters
and Ostlers, trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme world, and long
peace, times more dishonourable ragged, then an old fac'd An-
cient: and such have I to fill up the roomes of them as have
bought out their services, that you would think, that I had a
hundred and fifty tottered Prodigals, lately come from swine-
keeping, from eating drasse and huskes. A mad fellow met me
on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and
prest the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such Skar-crowes.
I'll not march thorow *Coventry* with them, that's flat, nay; and
the villains march wide between the legs, as if they had Gyues
on, for indeed, I had the most of them out of Prison: there's not
a Shirt & a halfe in all my company, and the halfe shirt is two
Napkins tackt together, and throwne over the shoulders like
a Herald's coate without sleeves; and the Shirt, to say the truth,
stolne from mine Host of *S. Albans*, or the red-nose In-keeper
of *Daintry*: but that's all one, they'l finde Linnen enough on
every Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.

Prin. How now blowne *Iacke*? how now *Quilt*?

Fal. What *Hal*? How now mad-wag, what a divell dost thou
in *Warwickshire*? My good L. of *Westmerland*, I cry you mercy, I
thought your honour had already bin at *Shrewsbury*.

West. Fayth, *Sir John*, 'tis more then time, that I were there,
and you too; but my powers are there already: the King, I can
tell you, looks for us all; we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never feare: tell me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to steal
Creame.

Prin. I thinke to steal Creame indeed, for thy theft hath al-
ready made thee butter: but tell me, *Iacke*, whose fellows are
these that come after?

Fal. Nine, *Hal*, mine.

Prin. I did never see such pitifull rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut good enough to roste, food for powder, food
for

The History of

for powder, they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush man, mortall men, mortall men.

West. I, but *Sir John*, mee-thinks they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggerly.

Fal. Faith for their poverty, I know not where they had that, And for their barenesse, I am sure they never learnt that of me.

Prin. No i'll be sworne, unlesse you call three fingers on the ribs, bare: but sirra, make haste, *Percy* is already in the field. *Exit.*

Fal. What, is the King incamp'd?

West. He is, *Sir John*, I feare we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well, the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene guest. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. Wee'll fight with him to night.

Wor. It may not be.

Dow. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? lookes he not for supply?

Ver. So doe we.

Hot. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd, stir not to night.

Ver. Do not my Lord.

Dow. You doe not counsell well;

Thou speakest it out of feare, and cold heart.

Ver. Do not slander, *Douglas*, by my life,

And I dare well maintaine it with my life;

If well-respected honor bid me on,

I hold as little counsell with weake feare,

As you my Lord, or any *Scot*, that this day lives:

Let it be seene to morrow in the battell, which of us teares.

Dow. Yea, or to night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To night, say I,

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being men of such great leading as you are.

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horfes

Of my cousin *Vernons* are not yet come up.

YOUR

Henry the Fourth.

Your Uncle *Worcesters* Horse came but to day.

And now their pride and metall is asleepe,

Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,

That not a horse is halfe the halfe of him himselte.

Hot. So are the horses of the Enemy,

In generall journey bated and brought low:

The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the King exceedeth ours.

For gods sake, Cousin, stay till all come in.

The Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offer from the King,

If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hot. Welcome, sir *Walter Blunt*: and would to God

You were of our determination;

Some of us love you well, and even those some

Envy your great deservings and good name,

Because you are not of our quality,

But stand against us like an Enemy.

Blunt. And God defend, but still I should stand so,

So long as out of limit and true rule,

You stand against anoynted Majelty:

But to my charge. The King hath sent to know

The nature of your griefes, and whereupon

You conjure from the brest of civill peace,

Such bold Hostility, teaching his ducious Land

Audacious cruelty. If that the King

Have any way your good deserts forgot,

Which he confesseth to be manifold,

He bids you name your griefe, and with all speed,

You shall have your desire with interest.

And pardon absolute for your selfe, and these,

Herein mis-led by your suggestion.

Hot. The King is kind: and well we know, the King

Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay:

My Father, my Uncle, and my selfe,

Did give him that same royalty he weares,

And when he was not fixe and twenty strong,

Sicke in the worlds regard, wretched, and low,

A

The History of

A poore unminded Outlaw sneaking home,
 My Father gave him welcome to the shore
 And when he heard him sweare and vow to God,
 He came but to the Duke of Lancaster,
 To sue his liberty and beg his peace,
 With teares of innocency, and terms of zeale:
 My father in kind heart and pity mov'd;
 Swore his assistance and perform'd it too.
 Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme
 Perceiv'd Northumberland did leane to him,
 The more and lesse came in with cap and knee,
 Met him in *Boroughs, Cities, Villages*,
 Attend him on Bridges, stood in lanes,
 Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
 Gave him their heires, as pages followed him,
 Even at the heeles, in golden multitudes:
 He presently, as greatnesse knowes it selfe,
 Steps me a little higher then his vow
 Made to my father, while his blood was poore,
 Upon the naked shore at *Ravenpurgh*,
 And now forsooth takes on him to reforme
 Some certaine edicts, and some straight decrees
 That lay too heavy on the common-Wealth,
 Cries out upon abuses, seemes to weepe
 Over his Countries wrongs, and by this face
 This seeming brow of Iustice, did he win
 The hearts of all that he did angle for;
 Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
 Of all the favourites that the absent King
 In deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personall in the *Irish warre*.
Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this:
Hot. Then to the poynt.
 In short time after, he depos'd the King,
 Soone after that, depriv'd him his life,
 And in the necke of that, task't the whole State:
 To make that worse, suffered his kinsman March,
 Who is, if every owner were plac'd,

Indeed

Henry the Fourth.

Indeed his King, to be ingag'd in *Wales*,
 There without ransome to lie forfeited,
 Disgrac'd me in my happy victories,
 Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
 Rated my Uncle from the Counsell boord,
 In rage dismiss'd my father from the Court,
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
 And in conclusion, drove us to seeke out
 This head of safety, and withall to pry
 Into his title, the which we finde
 Too indirec't for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I returne this answer to the King?

Hot. Not so, *Sir Walter*. Wee'l withdraw a while:

Goe to the King, and let there be impawnd
 Some surety for the safe returne againe,
 And in the morning early shall my Uncle
 Bring him our purpose, and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And't may be, so we shall.

Blunt. Pray God you doe.

Enter Archbishop of Yorke, and Sir Michael.

Arch. Hy, good *Sir Michael* beare this sealed Briefe
 With winged haste to the Lord *Marshall*,
 This to my cosin *Scroope*, and all the rest
 To whom they are directed. If you knew
 How much they do import, you would make haste.

Sir Mi. My good Lord, I guesse their tenor.

Arch. Like enough you doe,

To morrow, good *Sir Michael*, is a day
 Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
 Must bide the touch: For *Sir*, at *Shrewsbury*,
 As I am truly given to understand,
 The King with mighty and quicke rayfed power,
 Meets with Lord *Harry*; and I feare, *Sir Michael*,
 What with the sicknesse of *Northumberland*,
 Whose power was in the first proportion;
 And what *Owen Glendowers* absence thence,
 Who with them was rated firmly too.

I

And

The History of

And comes not in, over-ruled by prophecies,
I feare, the power of Percy is too weake,
To wage an instant tryall with the King.

Sir M. Why, my good Lord, you neede not feare,
There is Douglas, and Lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir M. But there is Merdake, Vernon, L. Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worcester, and a head
Of gallant warriours, noble Gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is, but yet the King hath drawn
The speciall head of all the Land together.
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmerland, and warlike Blunt;
And many moe Corrivales, and deare men
Of estimation, and command in armes.

Sir M. Doubt not, my Lord, he shall be well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no lesse; yet, needfull 'tis to feare,
And to prevent the worst, *Sir Michell*, speed:
For if Lord Percy thrive not ere the King
Dismiss his power, he meanes to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy;
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him;
Therefore make haste, I must goe write againe
To other friends, and so farewell, *Sir Michell*.

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl
of Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaffe.*

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere
Above yon busky hill! the day lookes pale
At his distemperature.

Prin. The Southerne winde
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretels a tempest and a blustering day.

King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seeme foule to those that winne.

The Trumpet sounds.

King. How now my Lord of Worcester? 'tis not well
That you and I should meete upon such tearmes,

Henry the Fourth.

As now we meete. You have deceiv'd our trust,
And made us doffe our easie Robes of peace,
To crush our old uneasie limbs in ungentle Steele;
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? will you againe unknot
This churlish knot of all abhorred Warre?
And more in that obedient orbe againe,
Where you did give a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,
A prodigy of feare, and a portent
Of broched mischief to the unborne times?

Wor. Heare me, my Liege:

For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertaine the lag-end of my life
With quiet houres: For I protest,
I have not fought the day of this dislike.

King. You have not fought it: how comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Prin. Peace, Chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your Majesty to turne your lookes
Of favour, from my selfe, and all our House;
And yet I must remember you my Lord:
We were the first and dearest of your friends,
For you, my Staffe of office did I breake,
In Richards time, and posted day and night,
To meete you on the way, and kisse your hand,
When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I;
It was my selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-date
The danger of the time. You swore to us,
And you did sweare that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing of purpose 'gainst the State,
Nor claime no further, then your new-falne right,
The seate of Gant, Duke of Lancaster:
To this, we sware our ayde: but in short space
It rained down, Fortune showing on your head,
And such a flood of Greatnesse fell on you.

I 2

What

What with our help, what with the absent King,
 What with the injuries of wanton time,
 The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
 And the contrarious windes that helde the King
 So long in the unlucky *Irish* Warres,
 That all in *England* did repute him dead,
 And from this swarme of faire, advantages,
 You tooke occasion to be quickly wooed,
 To gripe the generall sway into your hand,
 Forgot your oath to us at *Doncaster*;
 And being fed by us; you us'd us so,
 As that ungentle Gull the Cuckowes bird,
 Useth the Sparrow, did oppress our nest,
 Grew by our feeding, to so great a bulke,
 That even our love durst not come neere your sight,
 For feare of swallowing: but with nimble wing
 We were inforc't for safety sake, to flie
 Out of your sight, and raise this present head,
 Whereby we stand opposed by such meanes
 As you your selfe have forg'd against your selfe,
 By unkinde usage, dangerous countenance,
 And violation of all faith and troth,
 Swore to us in your younger enterprize.

King. These things indeede you have articulate,
 Proclaym'd at Market-crosses, read in Churches,
 To face the garment of Rebellion,
 With some fine colour that may please the eye
 Of fickle changelings, and poore discontents,
 Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes
 Of hurly burly innovation:
 And never yet did insurrection want
 Such water colours, to impain this cause;
 Nor muddy Beggars, starving for a time,
 Of pel-mell havocke and confusion.

Prin. In both your Armies, there is many a foule,
 Shall pay full dearly for this incounter,
 If once they joyne in tryall: tell your Nephew,
 The Prince of *Wales* doth joyne with all the world.

In prayse of *Harry Percy*: by my hopes
 This present enterprize set of his head,
 I doe not thinke a braver Gentleman,
 + More active, more valiant, or more valiant yong,
 + More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
 To grace this latter age with noble deeds:
 For my part, I may speake it to my shame,
 I have a trewant been to Chivalry,
 And so I heare he doth account me too;
 Yet this before my Fathers Majesty,
 I am content that he shall take the ods
 Of his great name and estimation,
 And will to save the blood on either side,
 Try fortune with him in a single fight.

King. And *Prince of Wales*, so dare we venture thee,

Albeit considerations infinit
 Doe make against it: No, good *Worcester*, no,
 We love our people well; even those we love,
 That are misled upon your Cousins part:
 And will they take the offer of our Grace,
 Both he, and they, and you, yea every man
 Shall be my friend againe, and i'll be his.
 So tell your Cousin, and bring me word,
 What he will doe. But if he will not yeeld,
 Rebuke and dread correction waite on us,
 And they shall doe their office. So be gon:
 We will not now be troubled with reply.
 We offer faire, take it advisedly. *Exit Worcester.*

Prin. It will not be accepted on my life,
 The *Douglas* and the *Hotspur* both together
 Are confident against the world in armes.

King. Hence therefore, every Leader to his charge,
 For on their answer will we set on them;
 And God befriend us as our cause is just. *Exeunt, Manent.*

Fal. *Hal.* If thou see me downe in the Battell, *Prin.* *Fal.*
 And bestride me so, 'tis a point of friendship.

Prin. Nothing but a *Colossus* can doe thee that friendship.
 Say thy prayers, and farewell.

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Fals. I would it were bed-time, *Hall*, and all well.

Prin. Why? thou owest God a death.

Fals. 'Tis not due yet, I would be loth to pay him before his day: what need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honour pricks me on: yea but how if Honour prick me off when I come on? how then, can Honour set to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, Honour hath no skill in Surgery then? no: what is Honour? a word: what is that word Honour? Aire: a trimme reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday? Doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: 'tis insensible then? yea, to the dead; but will it not live with the living? no: why? detraction will not suffer it, therefore 't is none of it; Honour is a meere Skutchion; and so ends my Catechisme.

Exit.

Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew must not know; *Sir Richard*, The liberall kind offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone,
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in loving us,
He will suspect us still, and find a time,
To punish this offence in others faults:
Supposition, all our lives, shall be stucke full of eyes.
For reason is but trusted like the Foxe,
Who never so tame, so cherisht, and lockt up,
Will have a wilde trick of his ancesters:
Looke how he can, or sad or merrily:
Interpretation will misquote our lookes,
And we shall feed like Oxen at stall,
The better cherisht, still the neerer death.
My Nephews trespasse may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heate of blood,
And an adopted name of priviledge.
A haire-braind *Hotspur* governd by a spleene,
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from us,

We

Henry the Fourth.

We as the spring of all, shall pay for all:

Therefore good Cousin, let not *Harry* know

In any case, the offer of the King.

Enter Hotspur.

Ver. Deliver what you will, 't is le say so. Here comes your Co-

(in

Hot. My Uncle is return'd,

Deliver up my Lord of *Westmerland*.

Uncle, what newes?

Wor. The King will bid you battell presently.

Dom. Defie him by the Lord of *Westmerland*.

Hot. Lord *Dowglas*, goe you and tell him so.

Dom. Mary and shall very willingly.

Exit Dowg.

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of your grievances,

Of his oath-breaking: which he mended thus,

By now forswearing that, he is foresworne.

He calls us Rebels, Traytors, and will scourge,

With haughty armes, this hatefull name in us.

Enter Dowg.

Dom. Arme, Gentlemen, to armes, for I have thrown

A brave defiance in King *Henries* teeth;

And *Westmerland* that was engag'd, did beare it,

Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of *Wales* kept forth before the King,

And, Nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay upon our heads.

And that no man might draw short breath to day,

But I and *Harry Monmouth*: tell me, tell me,

How shewed his talking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soule, I never in my life
Did heare a Challenge urg'd more modestly,

Unlesse a Brother should a Brother dare

To gentle exercise and prooffe of armes.

He gave you all the duties of a man,

Trim'd up your praises with a princely tongue,

Spoke your deservings like a Chronicle,

Making you ever better then his praise,

By still dispraising praise, valued with you:

And which became him like a Prince indeed,

He

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He made a blushing citall of himselfe,
And chid his trewant youth with such a grace,
As if he mastered there a double spirit
Of teaching, and of learning instantly:
There did he pause, but let me tell the world,
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweete a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonnesse.

Hot. Cosin; I thinke thou art enamoured
On his follies: never did I heare
Of any Prince so wild at liberty:
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he shall shrink under my courtesie.

Arme, arme with speede, and fellow Souldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to doe,
That I that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can list your blood up with perswasion.

Enter a messenger.
Mess. My Lord, here are Letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now,
O Gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortnesse basely, were too long:
If life did ride upon a Dials poynt,
Still ended at the arrivall of an hower,
And if we live, we live to tread on Kings:
If die, brave death, when Princes die with us.
Now for our consciences, the armes is faire,
When the intent forbearing them is just.

Enter another.
Mess. My Lord, prepare, the King comes on apace,

Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I professe not talking, only this,
Let each man doe his best; and here draw I a Sword,
Whose temper I intend to staine
With the best blood that I can meete withall,
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now esperance Percy, and set on,
Sound all the lofty instruments of warre,
And by that musicke, let us all imbrace,

For

Henry the Fourth.

For heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time doe such a courtesy.
*Heere they embrace, the Trumpets sound, the King enters with
his power, alarum to the battell: then enter Dowglas, and Sir
Walter Blunt.*

Blu. What is thy name that in Battell thus thou croffest me?
What honour dost thou seeke upon my head?

Dow. Know then my name is *Dowglas*,
And I doe haunt thee in the battell thus,
Because some tell me, that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dow. The Lord of *Stafford* deare to day hath bought
Thy likeness: for instead of thee, King *Harry*,
This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
Unless thou yeeld thee as a prisoner.

Blunt. I was not borne to yeeld, thou proud *Scot*,
And thou shalt find a King that will revenge
Lord *Staffords* death.

They fight; Dowglas kills Blunt; then enters Hotspur.

Hot. O *Dowglas*! hadst thou fought at *Holmesdon* thus,
I never had triumpht over a *Scot*.

Dow. Al's done, al's won, here breathlesse lies the King.

Hot. Where? *Dow.* Heere.

Hot. This *Dowglas*? No, I know, this face full well,
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*;
Semblably furnisht like the King himselfe.

Dow. Ah fooole, goe with thy soule whither it goes,
A borrowed title hast thou bought too deare.
Why didst thou tell me, that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coates.

Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates:

I'll murder all his Wardrop, piece by piece,
Untill I meet the King.

Hot. Up and away.
Our Souldiers stand full fairely for the day.

Alarum, Enter Falstaffe solus.

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at *London*, I feare the
shot heere: heere's no scoring but upon the pate. Soft, who are
you? *Sir Walter Blunt*, there's honour for you, heere's no vanity.

K

I

The History of

I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heavy too. God keeps Lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine own bowels: I have led my rag of Muffians where they are peperd ther's not three of my 150. left alive, and they are for the townes end, to beg during life. But who comes heere? *Enter Prince.*

Prin. What standst thou idle heere? lend me thy Sword, Many a Nobleman lies starke and stiffe, Under the hooves of vaunting enemies, Whose deaths are yet unrevenge, I prethee lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I prethee give me leave to breathe a while, *Tark Gregory* never did such deeds in armes, as I have done this day. I have payd *Percy*, I have made him sure.

Prin. He is indeed, and living to kill thee; I prethee lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay before God, Hal, if *Percy* be alive, thou getst not my sword, but take my pistoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Give it me: what? is it in the case?

Fal. I Hal, 'tis hot, there's that will sacke a City.

The Prince draves it out, and findes it a bottell of Sacke.

Prin. What is it a time to jest and dally now?

He throwes the Bottle at him. Exit.

Fal. If *Percy* be alive, I le pierce him, if he doe come in my way, so: if he doe not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as *sir Walter* hath: give me life, which if I can save, so: if not, honour comes unlook't for, and there's an end.

Alarme, excursions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, and Ecarle of Westmerland.

King. I prethee *Harry* withdraw thy selfe, thou bleedest too much; Lord *John* of *Lancaster*, goe you with him.

P. John. Not I, my Lord, unlesse I did bleed too.

Prin. I beseech your Majesty make up, lest your retirement doe amaze your friends.

K. I will doe so my L. of *Westmerland*, lead him to his Tent.

West. Come, my Lord, I le lead you to your Tent.

Prince. Lead me, my Lord, I de not need your helpe; And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive

The

Henry the Fourth.

The Prince of *Wales* from such a field as this, Where staynd Nobility lies treden on, And Rebels Armes triumph in massacres.

John. We breathe too long, come cousin *Westmerland*, Our duty this way lies: For Gods sake come.

Prin. By God, thou hast deceiv'd me, *Lancaster*, I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spirit;

Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, *John*, But now I doe respect thee as my soule.

King. I saw him hold Lord *Percy* at the poynt; With lustier maintenance then I did looke for Of such an ungrowne Warriar.

Prin. O, this Boy lends metall to us all. *Exit.*

Dow. Another King, they grow like Hydras heads, I am the *Dowglas* fatal to all those That weare those colours on them. What art thou That counterfeist the person of a King?

King. The King himselte, who *Dowglas* grieves at heart, So many of his shadowes thou hast met, And not the very King: I have two Boyes Seeke *Percy* and thy selfe, about the Field; But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily, I will assay thee: and defend thy selfe.

Dow. I feare, thou art another Counterfeit; And yet in faith thou bear'st thee like a King: But mine I am sure thou art, who ere thou be: And thus I winne thee.

They fight, the King being in danger, Enter Prince of Wales.

Prince. Hold up thy head, vile *Scot*, or thou art like Never to hold it up againe, the spirits Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my Armes, It is the Prince of *Wales* that threatens thee, Who never promiseth, but he meanes to pay.

They fight, Dowglas flieth.
Cheerely my Lord, how fares your Grace?
Sir Nicholas Gamsay hath for succour sent,
And so hath *Clifton*; I le to *Clifton* strait.

King. Stay, and breath a while,

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Then

The History of

Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion,
And shewd thou makest some tender of my life,
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to me.

Prince. O God, they did me too much injury,
That ever said, I hearkned to your death:
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of *Dowglas* over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poysonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the trecherous labour of your Sonne.

King. Make up to *Clifton*, i'll to *S. Nicholas Gomsey*. Exit.

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*?

Prince. Thou speakst, as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is *Harry Percy*.

Prince. Why then I see a very valiant Rebelle of that name.
I am the *Prince of Wales*; and thinke not, *Percy*,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Spheare,
Nor can one *England* brooke a double raigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the *Prince of Wales*.

Hot. Nor shall it *Harry*: for the houre is come,
To end the one of us; and would to God,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine!

Prince. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all thy budding Honours on thy Crest
I'll crop, to make a Garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

They fight. Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. Well said, *Hal*, to it, *Hal*. Nay, you shall finde no Boyes
play heere, I can tell you.

*Enter Dowglas: he fights with Falstaffe, he falls downe as
if he were dead, the Prince killeth Percy.*

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou hast rob'd me of my youth:
I better brooke the losse of brittle life,
Then those proud Tittles thou hast won of me,
They wound my thoughts worse then the sword my flesh:

But

Henry the Fourth.

But thought's the slave of life, and life, times foole,
And Time that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O! I could prophesie,
But that the Earth, and cold hand of Death
Lies on my tongue: no *Percy*, thou art dust,
And food for—

Prince. For Worms, brave *Percy*. Fare thee well, great heart,
Ill weav'd ambition: how much art thou shrunke?
When that this body did containe a spirit,
A Kingdome for it, was too small a bound,
But now two paces of the vilest Earth,
Is room enough, this earth that beares thee dead,
Beares not alive so stout a Gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesie,
I should not make so great a shew of zeale;
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And even in thy behalfe, i'll thanke my selfe
For doing these faire rites of tenderesse.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to Heaven,
Thy ignominy sleepe with thee in the grave,
But not remembered in thy Epitaph.

He spieth Falstaffe on the ground.

What, old acquaintance, could not all this flesh
Keepe in a little life? poor *Iacke* farewell;
I could have better spar'd a better man;
O, I should have a heavy misse of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity;
Death hath not strooke so faire a Deere to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody fray.
Imboweld will I see thee by and by,
Till then, in blood by noble *Percy* ly.

Falstaffe rise up.

Fal. Imboweld? if thou imbowell me to day, i'll give you
leave to powder me, and eate me too to morrow. Zloud, 'twas
time to counterfeit, or that hot Termagant *Scot* had payd me
scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit: to die is to
be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who
hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man
thereby

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The History of

thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is Discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. Zounds, I am afeard of this gunpowder *Percy*, though he be dead: how if he should counterfeit too, and rise? by my faith I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit: therefore I'll make him sure; yea and I'll swear I slew him. Why may not he rise as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body sees me: therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes up Hotspur on his backe. Enter Prince and John of Lancaster.

Prin. Come, brother *John*, full bravely hast thou flest Thy mayden Sword.

John. But soft, who have we heere?

Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead,
Breathlesse, and bleeding on the ground. Art thou alive?
Or is it fantasie that playes upon our eye-sight?
I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes
Without our eares, thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fals. No, that's certaine, I am not a double man: but if I be not *Iacke Falstaffe*, then am I a *Jacker*: there is *Percy*, if your Father will doe me any honour, so: if not, let him slay the next *Percy* himselfe: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can assure you.

Prin. Why, *Percy* I slew my selfe, and saw thee dead.

Fals. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is given to lying! I graunt you, I was down, and out of breath, and so was he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long houre by *Shrewsbury* clocke, if I may be beleev'd, so: if not, let them that should reward Valour, beare the sinne upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh if the man were alive, and woud deny it, Zounds I will make him eate a peece of my Sword.

John. This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

Prince. This is the strangest fellow, brother *John*.
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your backe,

For

Henry the Fourth.

For my part, if a lie will doe thee grace,
I'll guild it with the happiest termes I have.

A retreat is sounded.

Prin. The Trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours:
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the Field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

Exeunt.

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward: He that rewards me,
God reward him. If I do grow great, I'll grow lesse: for I'll
purge and leave Sacke, and live cleanly, as a Nobleman should
doe.

Exit.

The Trumpets sound, enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, with Worcester and Vernon prisoners.

King. Thus ever did rebellion finde rebuke;
Ill-spirited *Worcester*, did not we send grace,
Pardon and termes of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turne our offers contrary,
Misuse the tenor of thy *Kinmans* trust?
Three Knights upon our party slayne to day,
A noble Earle, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this houre,
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to,
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoyded, it falls on me.

King. Beare *Worcester* to the death, and *Vernon* too:
Other offenders we will pause upon.
How goes the Field?

Prin. The noble *Scot* Lord *Douglas*, when he saw
The fortune of the day turn'd quite from him,
The noble *Percy* slayne and all his men,
Upon the foote of feare, fled with the rest:
And falling from a hill, he was so bruiz'd,
That the pursuers tooke him. At my Tent
The *Douglas* is, and I beseech your Grace,
I may dispose of him:

King.

The History of

King. With all my heart.

Prin. Then brother *John of Lancaster*,
To you this honourable bounty shall belong,
Goe to the *Douglas*, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure ransomelesse and free.
His valour shewen upon our Crests to day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosome of our adversaries.

King. Then this remains that we divide our power:
You Sonne *John*, and my Cousin *Westmerland*,
Toward *Yorke* shall bend you with your dearest speede,
To meete *Northumberland* and the Prelate *Scroope*,
Who (as we heare) are busily in armes:
My selfe and you, Sonne *Harry*, will toward *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earle of *March*.
Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way,
Meering the checke of such another day:
And since this businesse so faire is done,
Let us not leave till all our owne be wonne.

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FINIS.

